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YOUNG STATESMEN.

THE CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, in recommending his son to the electors of Chester, felt himself entitled to assure his hearers, not only that they had an opportunity of returning a very good young man, but that the interests of the British Constitution demanded in a peculiar way that he should be returned. Young men are wanted to be trained as statesmen, for otherwise there can be no trained statesmen; and, unless there are persons in Parliament who from their boyhood have learnt the habits of official and Parliamentary life, the Executive can never be composed in a proper manner. There is some truth in this, of course, as is apparent on the first view of the thing. But it must be owned that, under the existing system, there is most ample provision made for the entrance into Parliament of young men who belong to the families that have some sort of *primâ facie* right to govern the country. It is a very moderate calculation to say that a third of the seats of the House of Commons are held by persons who have no practical difficulty in getting into their seats, and never have had any, and who, in a manner more or less indirect, inherit their seats. The astonishing thing is that this great apparatus for supplying the Executive with members who can, if they please, make politics a profession from the earliest legal age, does not result in more than it can show at present. The young men with sure seats have not lately had much success. There is always a talk of some rising Whig who is to be the coming man, and who is put in with great facility for a pleasant snug little borough. But these rising Whigs do not rise. They are amiable and accomplished and moderately industrious, but they do not ripen into statesmen. Mr. WILLIAM GLADSTONE is in rather a peculiar position, because his claim to represent Chester at an early age is not that he is like Lord GROSVENOR, with an hereditary right to sit for Chester, but that he is the son of a very eminent Parliamentary leader. It is but very seldom that a constituency is likely to yield to such an appeal, but then it is very seldom that such an appeal can be made. It is only when the eminence of the father is something very eminent indeed that the son can occupy a position like that of the son of an influential landowner. And it must be remarked that there is no more reason why Mr. WILLIAM GLADSTONE should turn out a statesman, simply because he has a chance of getting into Parliament early through bearing his father's name, than there is why any young Tory or Whig peer should prove a statesman. Chester may very properly pay Mr. GLADSTONE a mark of respect and esteem, if it pleases, by electing his son; and it is a generous feeling that prompts men occasionally to rank an eminent statesman on the same level with a great neighbouring peer, for they only admire the eminent statesman on general principles, whereas, in obeying the peer who orders that his son shall be elected, they are governed by private motives of cupidity and fear. But still the electors, in either case, only add one more to that very large number of members who have every opportunity of distinguishing themselves early, and of training themselves gradually for office. It may be said that, so far from its being the duty of any particular constituency to make the addition, there are already too many young men who think nothing of Parliament, and do very little in it, because they get into Parliament as a matter of course. They may fulfil other useful functions by being in Parliament; they may represent the property and the aristocracy of the country; they may tend to keep London tradesmen satisfied; they may call, in their humorous way, for songs more loudly than other members; but they decidedly abuse the opportunity so lavishly afforded them of studiously preparing themselves for high office.

Therefore, although the electors of Chester will do themselves some degree of honour if they return Mr. GLADSTONE'S

son because he holds that relation to his father, they need scarcely put themselves out of the way to give one more young man the chance of being a possible statesman. But then it may happen that there may be something more than a possibility of a young candidate turning out a statesman. He may have shown decided capacity, and may be coming forward because his friends have already great hopes of him. Close boroughs did, and still do, afford a very convenient mode of giving such a man a good start. But this use of close boroughs must not be overrated. It is not often that close boroughs are used for this purpose. They answer other good purposes, but that of securing an opening to a young man who would not otherwise have a chance is one to which they have not often been applied. They are much more often used to give a secure seat to some one who has already had some political success, and whose friends consider it good for their party that he shall be in no danger of being thrown out. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, Mr. LOWE, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE all sit for close boroughs, and it is an excellent thing that men so useful and so distinguished should be so entirely independent of the vacillations of popular feeling. But they had all sat for other constituencies previously to having their present havens of rest provided for them. Lord ROBERT CECIL is perhaps the only instance, among the younger generation, of the occupant of a close borough having risen to eminence, and perhaps he scarcely answers to the description of a young man who had a seat given him because he showed great promise. Although his immediate family have nothing to do with Stamford, he nevertheless rather belongs to the list of those who have a family seat allotted them, and who happen to be very creditable specimens of their family. A young man who has means of supporting himself decently without office—and no one ought to go into Parliament who has not—but who does not belong to the families of the great proprietors, has very little chance of sitting for a close borough. He must look on going into Parliament as a profession, the disadvantages of which are, in his opinion, compensated by the advantages. If he will work in his profession, he is about as likely to succeed in it as most men of ability are to succeed in any profession. At the outset he will have to rough it. He has to go through many hopeless contests. He has to make himself known. He cannot afford to be too delicate and guarded in his opinions. He must always take a bold, decisive, telling line, and if he happens to have been highly educated enough to feel the real difficulties and complications of politics, he may feel some pangs and a little shame at first. But if he is earnest, energetic, and not too scrupulous, and has that vivacity of manner and spirit which enables him to face a crowd, and that belief in his own success which imposes on local supporters, he will in all probability find a seat before very long. When he is in the House he will have a less chance of minor offices than if he had been put in for a close borough, for there is an official odour about young men who are under the shelter of great proprietors; but he has in some ways a better chance of distinction, for he has had some very severe and useful teaching during his electioneering contests, and he has learnt the popular way of looking at many of the chief questions of the day. Nor, when the day comes for him to attain a fairer position, is he less fit for office, or less likely to obtain it, than if he had sat originally for a close borough. There is no great mystery about holding office. A clever man can easily learn to be a good official if his capacity lies that way; and if it does not, he will not make a good official because he has been fifteen years in Parliament instead of ten.

The real difficulty, however, is that few young men of ability and with some private fortune will consent to look on Parliament as a profession, and to go through the drudgery of rising in it, although they would be willing to exert themselves in it if they were put in when young for a close borough. In the same way, there are many men who will not go through

the drudgery and irksomeness of rising gradually at the Bar, although, if it came in their way to marry an attorney's daughter, they would readily take the briefs sent them by their father-in-law, and would do their business exceedingly well. But perhaps, in the long run, it is better for a politician to have to fight his way into Parliament, just as it is better for a lawyer to have to fight his way at the Bar. As we have said, the seats that are disposed of by the great proprietors practically contribute less to the working efficiency of Parliament than might have been expected. Nor, if young men set themselves to go into Parliament as a profession, is there much reason to fear that this would lead to men of a low type—vestry orators and local demagogues—forcing their way in, and imposing themselves and their pretensions on a reluctant House of Commons. As long as political life is the favourite occupation of the upper classes, the standard of Parliamentary success will be one that will more or less satisfy the tastes of the upper classes, and a man who is a mere vulgar, pushing, noisy mob orator will soon find his level in the House, and sink into insignificance. America does not really offer any parallel to England in this respect. The Congress of the United States commands little admiration and excites little ambition; but this is not because, or at any rate it is not principally because, vulgar narrow-minded demagogues may find their way into it, but because, under the American Constitution, Congress has no real power. As the House of Commons practically rules the nation, it is worth while for those who have property, and rank, and education, and ambition to go into it; and when they are there, their social standing is sufficient to enable them to dictate the manner in which business shall be conducted, and to decide the relative degrees of the eminence of public men. If Mr. WILLIAM GLADSTONE, and a man of equal capacity but of inferior manners, education, and cultivation, were returned to Parliament, the chances of Parliamentary success would be always in favour of the young gentleman, and against his vulgar rival. Although, therefore, the system of close boroughs is of some use, and the system of returning unknown and untried young men for the sake of their fathers has its use, and although Mr. GLADSTONE fairly made the most of these advantages for electioneering purposes, there is every reason to suppose that the country would continue to find persons competent to represent and to govern it even if constituencies like that of Chester declined to listen to the appeal made to them. We would much rather see Mr. WILLIAM GLADSTONE returned for Chester than a railway director, or a young Tory with local claims, but we cannot think that the safety of the British Constitution is very intimately connected with his success.

THE PRIVATE BILLS OF 1865.

THE Private Bills of the present Session will, notwithstanding their unusual number, probably be disposed of before the prorogation of Parliament. Many were unopposed, many were of a simple character, and some were so obviously objectionable that they were summarily rejected. The contests have, on the average, been less prolonged than in former Sessions, and the same tendency is likely to display itself more fully as precedents accumulate, and as issues are consequently narrowed. The ignorant demand for uniformity of decision by tribunals which deal exclusively with facts ought, in consistency, to extend to the verdicts of juries. The decision that a railway is required between A and B forms no precedent for a communication between X and Y. Public expediency and protection of vested interests supply in both cases the rule which must be equally applied by various conclusions in different circumstances. There are, however, classes of questions with which Chairmen and experienced members of Committees become so far acquainted that they are enabled to dispense with elaborate arguments or detailed evidence. The effect of amalgamations, of facility clauses, and of running powers is every year more thoroughly understood; and some lay judges have even acquired a certain familiarity with engineering formulas and propositions. Many contests between Companies are compromised during the inquiry, and sometimes Committees exercise insufficient vigilance in sanctioning arrangements which protect the rights of the litigants alone. In general, however, substantial justice is done, and a judicial investigation is at least preferable to a packed division in either House of Parliament. There were plausible arguments for the decision of the House of Commons against the Eastern Counties coal line, which had been fully heard and rejected in the previous Session. A far more unjustifiable step was lately taken by

the House of Lords in refusing a second reading to a Gas Bill on the *ex-parte* statements of two or three peers who had organized an opposition. Lord GRAY vindicated his vote by the whimsical excuse of his want of confidence in a Select Committee, which would at least have listened to the evidence. It is strange that some honest and able men are totally devoid of the faculty of judicial fairness.

Some railway projects of considerable importance have been defeated during the Session on a technical objection of a novel character. Under the Standing Orders, promoters are required to deposit eight per cent. on the estimated cost of the undertaking, in the Court of Chancery, and the forms under which the deposit is made are regulated by Act of Parliament. If the Bill is rejected or withdrawn, the amount is repaid to the depositors; but when the Bill has passed the third reading in the House to which it is last submitted, the deposit is tied up until the capital is subscribed and half the works completed. The considerable sums which are required for this purpose are habitually borrowed from banks or insurance companies, and a new and anomalous security has been devised for the protection of the lenders. The original deposit is advanced to the promoters on an undertaking that the solicitor shall not be removed from his employment during the progress of the Bill through Parliament, and the solicitor professionally pledges himself that the Bill shall not reach its final stage until the capitalist is satisfied either by the repayment of his money or by further security. An arrangement of this kind was on one occasion, in the last Session, exposed by the petitioners, and the Standing Orders Committee, to whom the question was referred by the House, reported that, although the practice was objectionable, the Bill might for once be allowed to proceed. During the present Session the same objection has in several instances prevailed, and one project of the greatest importance, for carrying the Birkenhead railways under the Mersey into Liverpool, has been thrown out in conformity with the decision of the House. Considerable difference of opinion prevails as to the expediency of throwing new impediments in the way of enterprises which are generally beneficial to the country; but there can be no doubt that the Standing Orders had been habitually evaded, and it would be safer to modify the rule than deliberately to tolerate irregularity of practice. In a future Session, some alteration will probably be made in the system of deposits, which has been found greatly preferable to the previous plan of requiring subscription contracts as a security for the completion of authorized works.

The labour imposed on members of Committees has been considerably reduced by the reduction of their numbers from five to four, and by the institution of the Committee of Referees, which, by an encroachment on the Royal prerogative, is improperly termed a Court. It is found that no inconvenience occurs from the additional power which is given to the Chairman by the possession of a casting vote. A Select Committee is now sitting on the working of the tribunal of Referees, and, although the Chairman of the Committee is the projector of the scheme, it may be hoped that the inquiry will be impartially conducted. If those who have had the best opportunity of forming a judgment may be trusted, the Referees themselves have given the experiment its best chance of success, by indefatigable energy combined with great ability. Two members of Parliament, Mr. ADAIR and Mr. HASSARD, have devoted many hours a day for several months to the discharge of their arduous and unpaid duties. They were entrusted by the House with exclusive jurisdiction over engineering details, estimates of cost, and questions of *locus standi*, or of the right of petitioners to be heard in opposition to Bills. All practitioners seem to be agreed as to the expediency of submitting to the same tribunal all claims of *locus standi*; but it is not equally certain that litigation is shortened or simplified by the separate investigation of parts of an indivisible issue. In one or two instances the Referees have been occupied for a week or a fortnight in engineering inquiries, which would have been more summarily concluded by both litigants if they had not been submitted to a separate tribunal of limited powers. As great works are always designed by skilful engineers, a proposed bridge or a tunnel is never absolutely impracticable; and its imperfections are more or less material in proportion to the public necessity or convenience of the work. Before a Select Committee, the opponents, after proving that the curves and gradients are heavy, or that the work is disproportionately costly, generally proceed to show that equal accommodation might be provided by a cheaper plan, or by some existing system. The hope of inducing the Referees to deliver an unfavourable judgment induces them to extend their engineering opposition, while they reserve for the Committee their general objections of policy. A report

that a work is objectionable imposes on the Committee the difficult task of measuring the comparative weight of an unknown objection and of a public advantage. It is impossible to split one question into two without risk of an unsatisfactory conclusion. The rigid investigation of estimates which has been undertaken by the Referees is a waste of time and judicial power. Select Committees were seldom troubled with objections to estimates, which, as a general rule, exclusively concern the promoters of an undertaking. In future Sessions nothing will be easier than to provide an abundant margin to cover any possible expenditure.

Some of the schemes which have been proposed to Parliament illustrate the skill and daring of modern engineers. The unlucky Birkenhead line was to have passed under the crowded estuary of the Mersey. Mr. FOWLER's bridge, on the more fortunate direct South Wales Railway, will cross the Severn near Chepstow, at a height of a hundred feet, and with a length of two miles. Nearly a million of money will be expended on the bridge alone, and yet the promoters of the undertaking have satisfied themselves that the traffic of the Glamorganshire coal-field will be sufficient to make the enterprise profitable. As the plan involves the completion of a narrow-gauge line from Paddington to Cardiff, it will probably accelerate the inevitable abolition of Mr. BRUNEL's favourite method of railway construction. The broad gauge was probably unnecessarily broad, and the narrow gauge was too narrow for mechanical perfection; but the contest has been decided, not by the comparative merits of the two modes of construction, but by the accidental prevalence of the original Darlington gauge. It was more necessary that the system should be uniform than that it should be absolutely faultless.

THE LIBERAL PARTY.

THE Liberal candidates are for the most part addressing the constituencies in terms of laudable or excusable vagueness. They have not yet ascertained whether it is necessary to pledge themselves to a six-pound franchise, or to any other definite scheme of Parliamentary Reform. As profuse offers are seldom unpopular, it may be inferred that those who reserve their opinions are personally disinclined to violent or sudden changes. If the party agrees on a policy before the election, individual candidates will necessarily obey the word of command; but, for the present, it is safe to avow a general confidence in Lord PALMERSTON, although it is impossible not to be aware that the coming Parliament will follow some younger leader. Mr. GLADSTONE has, in his speech at Chester, for the first time furnished an intelligible comment on his rash declaration in favour of universal suffrage. It appears that he now objects to admit so large a portion of the working-classes as to outnumber the present constituency. Four or five millions of non-electors will, therefore, still be excluded on grounds of moral unfitness or of political inconvenience. A large majority of prudent legislators will agree with Mr. GLADSTONE, though they may wonder that so comprehensive an exordium should have been prefixed to a mere episode of Reform. It is highly probable that the Chester pattern will be copied in many speeches and printed addresses. Only astute and over-curious critics will have remarked that the requisition to Mr. W. H. GLADSTONE was signed by a considerable number of Conservative voters. The regular Liberal party in the ancient city will undoubtedly support Lord GROSVENOR, who has publicly announced his general concurrence with Mr. LOWE. As Mr. GLADSTONE's eloquence is ordinarily characterized rather by copiousness than by condensation, his sententious and epigrammatic distinction between the two great English parties ought not to be forgotten. There is some truth in the statement that the Conservatives entertain a distrust of the people which is tempered by fear; but the converse proposition, that Liberal faith in the people is only limited by prudence, requires larger qualification. According to Mr. LOWE, democracy is habitually hostile to many of the measures and doctrines which are regarded in England as the property of the Liberal party. In France, universal suffrage prohibits Parliamentary Government, although it has rendered possible the abolition of passports and the partial adoption of free trade. A Liberal statesman is neither indifferent to the voice of the people nor blindly submissive to its dictates. He gladly offers himself as the vehicle or channel of popular inspiration, but the responses of the oracle are the deliberate utterance of the priest, and not the mere product of the tripod.

The claims of the Liberal party to public confidence have been so often enumerated by Lord RUSSELL that the catalogue

of services no longer produces its due impression. The political changes which have been peaceably effected in the course of a single generation are unprecedented in number and importance, and, above all, in their uniformly beneficial operation. Since the Reform Bill, no serious question has arisen as to the distribution of power among different classes, and legislation has concerned itself with the practical application of common sense to the conduct of public affairs. Alone among civilized nations, England has become penetrated with the conviction that buying and selling are correlative processes, implying reciprocal and equal advantages. It has also been discovered, not only by reclusive thinkers, but by the community at large, that an aggregate of profitable bargains among private persons cannot be collectively disadvantageous to the State. Sir ROBERT PEEL and Mr. GLADSTONE, both of whom began life as Tories, have been the most conspicuous promoters of the great economical reform; but their efforts were rendered fruitful by the co-operation of the party which was essentially Liberal, inasmuch as it rejected the presumption that existing systems were absolutely or comparatively incapable of improvement. The plausible theory that the rival parties have become identical in doctrine and tendency is confuted by the absurd opposition which has lately been offered to the alteration of the Roman Catholic oath. Reason and convenience were entirely on the side of Mr. MONSELL and his supporters, but the Conservative leaders had a confused fancy that a sect to which they were formerly opposed was likely to gain a nominal advantage by the change. The Liberal party never commits an act of folly merely because it appears to be unjust, and it has especially avoided the error of gratuitously misplacing its sympathies in the transactions of foreign nations. When the unity and regeneration of Italy were at stake, it fortunately happened that the three principal members of the English Government took a strong personal interest in the cause of right and freedom. Their antagonists, on the other hand, were only restrained in their devotion to Austria by respect for the power of the Emperor of the FRENCH. The blunders of Lord MALMESBURY, of Lord DERBY, and of Mr. DISRAELI secured Lord PALMERSTON for two or three Sessions from serious opposition. It must be admitted that, in the more urgent difficulties of the American war, the Conservative leaders for the most part supported the neutrality which could alone have averted a profitless collision.

The character of a party is practically determined by the opinions of the majority, or of the recognised chiefs, although extreme politicians of its outlying sections also exercise a certain indirect influence. Mr. BRIGHT and his followers are constantly threatening to secede from the Liberal confederacy, and they profess, with the utmost candour, their irreconcilable aversion to Lord PALMERSTON; but when a decisive issue arises, they naturally abide by their colours in preference to forming one of those anomalous coalitions with their adversaries which Mr. DISRAELI, on the other side, has often attempted to negotiate. It matters little what heresy or paradox may be professed by a member of Parliament outside the range of questions which are to be determined by nearly balanced votes. A couple of hundred members annually vote for the Ballot in redemption of their pledges, and, in a few instances, in accordance with their personal convictions, yet for several years it has been understood that the Ballot is not the subject of any serious Parliamentary contest. The very electors of Westminster are not disinclined to suspend the imposition of their favourite test, in deference to the philosophical scruples of an eminent candidate. Mr. MILL advocates several doctrines which might be stigmatized as fanciful, or condemned as dangerous to property and order; but he can only vote on questions put by the Speaker or the Chairman of Committees, and his vote will be ineffective unless he can persuade a majority to agree with him. A Westminster alarmist complains that Mr. MILL theoretically recommends the confiscation of the property of intestates when they leave no lineal heirs. If Mr. MILL believed in GOETHE's Theory of Colours, his speculations could scarcely be more innocent. Some doubts may arise as to the practical sagacity of a politician who would give votes to women, and who would punish a surviving brother or sister for the indolence of a deceased relative in neglecting to make a will; but the House of Commons is the safest possible place for the ventilation of crotchets. If Mr. MILL is returned, it is possible that he may have Captain GROSVENOR for his colleague, and he will at least be certain to be neutralized by hundreds of members equally unambitious in their aspirations to originality. If timid adherents of things and of thoughts as they are take the trouble to look over the election columns in two or three successive newspapers, they may easily satisfy themselves that women are not about to be enfranchised, nor

the State to become universal residuary legatee. The terror which is excited in many minds by independent inquiry would not be wholly unreasonable if theories were, as in the great French Revolution, liable to be instantly translated into action. Parliament habitually reflects the profound belief of the English nation that whatever exists must have some historical ground, although it may possibly have ceased to possess any justification in reason. The burden of proof is always thrown on the innovator, and the main difference between the two great parties is that the Liberals are not indisposed to believe that the case for change may probably be established. Sir ROBERT PEEL's celebrated promise to reform proved abuses, though it was lately ridiculed by Mr. GLADSTONE, might be repeated, if it had any value, by politicians of either party. The chief distinction consists in the amount and nature of the proof which is required, and in the imperfect appreciation, on one side, of the truth that public expediency is the sole object of an enlightened statesman.

THE DEBATE ON THE FRENCH BUDGET.

IF an Opposition does not criticize the Budget, it can scarcely be called an Opposition at all; and M. THIERS assumes his natural position as chief of the constitutional adversaries of the Empire when he uses all his vast experience and all his practised ingenuity to show that France, under the Imperial system of Budget-making, is being hurried on into ruin, while its impending bankruptcy is veiled by a very transparent artifice. In the first place, he has the pleasure of showing, or of thinking that he shows, that there is a real deficit of four millions in the estimates of the financial year, which the Chamber is now engaged in examining. This is pleasant in its way to a political adversary. It is startling that the expenditure of France should in a few years have advanced from something under seventy to something over ninety millions sterling. But the French are a people easily guided by their Government, and readily disposed to accept existing facts. If ninety millions is spent, France may be easily able to afford ninety millions, and there is an end of the matter. No, says M. THIERS, there is not an end of the matter. For not only is the expenditure extravagant, but it is not met by the receipts, and M. THIERS shook over his trembling and indignant hearers the terrible threat of national bankruptcy. But this was not all. There were further pleasures to come. M. THIERS proceeded to account for the deficit, and out of many possible and plausible causes he selected two, as offering especial means of attacking and annoying his Imperial adversaries. This lamentable deficit, he went on to say, proceeded from assignable and avoidable sources of embarrassment. In the first place, there was the disastrous Mexican expedition, crippling the energies and wasting the resources of France for no conceivable end, detested by every sensible Frenchman, and leading the French nation into a slough of despond that grew every day deeper and deeper. In the second place, there was the reconstruction of Paris and of all the provincial towns, which, under the pressure of zealous officials, are emulating the example of Paris. Vast sums, utterly out of proportion to the real wants and means of the population, are every day being spent on buildings and alterations which please the eye of the public and exalt the fame of the EMPEROR, but are almost entirely unproductive, and subject the large towns of France to a burden of debt that increases year by year. There is, however, something more to complain of than that more is expended than is received, and that the excess might be easily avoided. The Government dare not own the real facts. By complicated financial arrangements, and a cunning sequence of Ordinary, Extraordinary, Supplementary, and Rectificative Budgets, the truth is concealed; and the nation is so vehemently assured that all is well, the expenditure moderate, and the outgoings balanced by the receipts, that it does not care to follow the intricate figures by which, after a considerable time has elapsed, it is made to appear that there was an additional expenditure against which no prudence could guard. It is evident that, if this charge could be clearly made out, M. THIERS would have made a very strong point. The admirers of the Empire may urge that the Government has been quite right in incurring these additional liabilities. There is much to be said for the enlargement and reconstruction of the principal towns of France; and there is something to be said in defence of the occupation of Mexico, and very much against anything like a sudden and cowardly surrender of the position in Mexico which France has chosen to assume. If the policy which has led to the deficit is justifiable, the outlay necessary to make that policy effectual may

be justifiable too. It may show the strength of the EMPEROR's Government, that it ventures successfully to incur risks which its critics pronounce to be too great to be honestly and prudently undertaken, and France is quite rich enough to run with safety into a little more debt, in order that a beneficial policy may be boldly pursued. But it is very humiliating to the heads of the Imperialist party that it should not dare to reveal its policy, and the consequences to which that policy is rapidly leading, and that it should strive to conceal its errors under a cloud of intricate figures; and if this main result is acknowledged to be damaging to the Empire, it is open to an adversary to speculate on the reasons why this humiliation has been incurred. M. THIERS was not afraid to suggest that the real reason why this lavish expenditure was secretly made might be found in the desire of the Government to give the French something in distant regions to think of and something in their native cities to admire, so that they might cease to criticize the Empire with boldness and impartiality. The whole accusation of M. THIERS against the Government, therefore, amounted to this—that it incurred an alarming deficit for unnecessary objects and in an evasive manner, in order that the deceived public might be decoyed away from judging the policy which was invented to keep the great nation of Frenchmen in an easy and manageable frame of mind. No wonder that, with so strong a case ready to his hand, M. THIERS made a speech which amused and edified the Parisian world, and greatly tormented and discouraged his principal opponents.

The answer of the Ministerialist leaders was, however, it must be owned, by no means ineffective. That which M. THIERS pronounced to be a deficit they pronounced to be a mere arrangement of figures, and they asserted that this arrangement was one good in itself, and long familiar to the French nation. The Budget must be looked at as a whole, and what was wanting under one head must be regarded as made up under another head. The general result might be that the debt of the country was increasing, but this was virtually avowed, and might be easily justified. In fact, it is in vain to deny that France owes more than she did when the EMPEROR began to reign. Her public debt is larger, and her chief municipalities have incurred separate and new liabilities. But no one who admires the Empire need be ashamed of this, or afraid to own it. He may deny that the debt is concealed, but he need not and will not deny that it has been incurred. All that he says is that it has been incurred judiciously. France has mortgaged her future resources in order that those resources might be very much larger than they would have been if they had not been mortgaged. In the first place, the outlay has been to a great extent reproductive, and even where this has not been the case directly it has been the case indirectly. The energies of Frenchmen have been excited, their ideas expanded, and their command over the future strengthened by that development of activity which the judicious outlay authorized or instigated by the Government has set on foot. If France is much more in debt than it was at the beginning of the Second Empire, it is also much richer, and much more able to bear the burden of its debt. And if large sums have been expended, not on public works or to augment the national resources, they have been expended in order to carry out a policy which France has heartily approved. It liked the glory and the excitement of the Crimean and Italian wars, and it was willing to make a large outlay in order that it might once more assume its proper place in Europe and the world. Even as to Mexico, no one is entitled to say that the outlay caused by this most expensive expedition was incurred against the wishes of France. The Chamber, by an overwhelming majority, voted the address which entreated the EMPEROR to do with regard to Mexico as he might think best. And if any one chooses to surmise that the real current of public opinion lay in the contrary direction, and that an assembly nominated by the Government approved of this outlay merely as it would of any outlay which the Government might think proper to incur, it is equally easy to say that France really wishes the EMPEROR to govern, and prefers to pay for any mistakes he may make rather than change the system under which he is able to make them.

M. THIERS virtually avowed that his attack on the Budget was, after all, nothing more than a attack on the general policy of the EMPEROR, when he acknowledged that the army ought not to be reduced, and when he forbore to allude to the occupation of Rome as a source of unnecessary expense. To reduce the army is the most obvious of all possible methods of re-

ducing the national expenditure. But M. THIERS objects to reducing the army, because he wishes to uphold and follow the policy of making France a great formidable military Power, always able to strike a sudden and effective blow, and to dictate to and domineer over her neighbours. M. THIERS also happens to approve of the occupation of Rome. It falls in with his crotchets, it harmonizes with the position he has long tried to assume towards the clerical party, and it has the desirable effect of discouraging, disappointing, and tantalizing the detested Italians. Therefore, money spent on this occupation is, according to M. THIERS, well spent; whereas money spent in the occupation of Mexico is badly spent, because M. THIERS has never approved of the Mexican expedition. In reality, therefore, M. THIERS' criticism on the Budget amounted to an opinion that Mexico ought even now to be abandoned. He owned this in so many words. What was wanted to make France happy, prosperous, and solvent was, even at this eleventh hour, to withdraw every soldier from Mexico, and to own that the expedition was a complete failure. France, he contended, might just as well and just as honourably retire from Mexico as Spain retired from St. Domingo. If the country had been led into a scrape, the wisest thing was to lead it out again as soon as possible. But M. THIERS knows perfectly well that the EMPEROR cannot now retire. He has ordered his Ministers to declare, after ample time was taken for decision, that the honour of the French flag was involved in the defence of Mexico; and to allow the French flag to be avowedly dishonoured is more than can be expected from a man who can set the whole force of France in motion, and whose whole fabric of government depends on his successfully avoiding everything like conspicuous failure and disgrace. When M. THIERS has owned that he has nothing to suggest, in order to restore financial order, but to repair the mistake made by going to Mexico, and when the French nation has answered, as it may be taken to have answered, that, even if this was a mistake, it will pay for the mistake, the argument on the Budget may be said to be almost entirely exhausted.

THE CONSERVATIVES.

ALTHOUGH there may be a doubt as to the expediency of formally recognising minorities, all prudent politicians practically admit that differences of opinion and varieties of interest ought, as far as possible, to be represented in Parliament. If a steady and consistent Liberal had twenty votes to give in as many constituencies, he would in every instance support the candidate of his party, but a universal triumph of his principles would nevertheless impress him with dismay. The caution, the love of usage, the more respectable prejudices of the community, are essential elements of the national character, and for the ordinary conduct of affairs it is necessary that there should be an Opposition which may have a chance of becoming a Government in its turn. Revolutionary enthusiasts would like to float down the wind without encountering adverse currents or overcoming the friction of stationary waters, but experience teaches that, in the absence of a resisting medium, it is impossible to steer or to stop, and that, for all purposes of business, a boat is more useful than a balloon. The Conservatives also perform for their rivals the not inconsiderable service of staying behind them in the slow progress of change. In popular estimation, Lord PALMERSTON already moves too slowly, and it is convenient to remind impatient supporters that Lord DERBY is still dragging in his rear. Though modern Toryism has long since abandoned the unqualified scepticism of Lord ELTON, still it occasionally refuses to accept the most obvious truths when they tend to innovation. It can hardly be said that Ministerial Liberalism has ceased to have a meaning, when Sir JOHN PAKINGTON and Mr. WALPOLE think it necessary to defend that crumbling outwork of the Establishment which consists of the Roman Catholic oath. On the whole, a moderate Whig seated on the fulcrum of the Constitution has no desire to shake off the weight from the Conservative end of the beam. Mr. BRIGHT and his allies are pressing hard on the opposite extremity, and, but for the counterpoise, Liberalism would have either to shift its position or to be tilted up with a dangerous jerk. It was said, more pointedly than truly, that France in the days of Parliamentary Government belonged to the Left Centre, or, in English phraseology, to the party of the moderate Liberals. The statement is more exactly applicable to the educated classes in England, though, when a choice is necessary, they dislike Conservative incredulity less than Radical fanaticism.

In personal merit, the leaders of the Opposition compete with their antagonists on tolerably equal terms. Although no

member of the Liberal party would think it right to vote for Mr. DISRAELI, any caprice of the Buckinghamshire electors which should exclude him from the House of Commons would cause general regret. If Mr. DISRAELI represents no opinion or conviction, he vindicates the claims of personal ability and vigour. He forced himself on his party nearly twenty years ago, and he has since successfully defied internal jealousy and dissatisfaction. Although his judgment is often unsound, he baffles his opponents by the non-coincidence of his own weak points with the characteristic defects of his party and his cause. It would be absurd to taunt Mr. DISRAELI with bigotry and prejudice, and, on the other hand, his clients in the country-house, the parsonage, and the farm are not open to the charge of Machiavellian insincerity. The gift of critical sarcasm is one of the most valuable qualifications for the post of an Opposition leader, for a Minister who sees Mr. DISRAELI watching him from the opposite bench has strong motives for abstaining from any act of conspicuous absurdity. The minor accomplishment of skill and propriety in ceremonial observances is not to be altogether despised. With the exception of Lord PALMERSTON, Mr. DISRAELI is almost the only leading member of either House who can be trusted to deliver a formal eulogium on the dead. Many years ago he committed a strange blunder in his borrowed speech on the Duke of WELLINGTON, but his stately and elaborate tributes to Mr. CORDEN and Mr. LINCOLN contrasted favourably with the less felicitous addresses of his rivals. Lord PALMERSTON himself, though he never transgresses on such occasions the limits of good taste, is perhaps too elaborately and consciously commonplace. In the conduct of Parliamentary struggles the relative superiority is reversed. Mr. DISRAELI has more of the nature of an artist, but Lord PALMERSTON is by far the more adroit tactician. National instincts and popular sympathies of his own, carefully cultivated and sedulously displayed, are among the most useful possessions of a statesman. A politician who depends exclusively on intellectual speculation is as much at a loss as a weather-prophet without a barometer. A competitor not less formidable than Lord PALMERSTON shares with Mr. DISRAELI a certain incapacity to think or to feel with the world of Englishmen; but Mr. GLADSTONE has greatly the advantage of his rival in eloquence and in knowledge of business. In finance, in statistics, in political economy, and in familiarity with administration, Mr. DISRAELI is only a brilliant amateur; and, when things rather than persons are under discussion, he is too often a tiresome speaker.

Of his former colleagues and political allies, there are several who could ill be spared from the House of Commons. Mr. HENLEY has long since established his character as a sagacious humourist and a thorough man of business. General PEEL is perhaps personally the most popular leader of the party, which trusts him with a confidence scarcely accorded to his chief. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, though he is the most wearisome of orators, serves his cause by a tendency to liberal opinions on questions of education. Mr. WALPOLE, while he represents too faithfully the prejudices of his rural constituents, commands respect and esteem by the cultivation and refinement which befit the member for a University. Mr. GATHORNE HARDY was born to be Home Secretary in a Conservative Government, and in the meantime to defend by plausible arguments every good or bad institution which happens to be attacked. Lord STANLEY is a statesman of higher pretensions, and probably of loftier ambition, but it is evidently only by accident and family connection that he remains in his present position. Although public expediency is the only legitimate test of institutions, the adherents of Church and State regard utilitarian advocates with involuntary suspicion. In some future combination or coalition Lord STANLEY will find fitter occupation for his energy and untiring industry. On opposite grounds, the veterans of the party regard with hesitating approval the active and energetic consistency of Lord ROBERT CECIL. Truth, perhaps, cannot be too boldly asserted, nor error too resolutely denounced, but elderly politicians are accustomed to hold principles which they have no desire to push to their extreme logical results. At other times more timid Conservatives probably appreciate the vigour of a combatant who never spares his opponents; and, as Lord ROBERT CECIL is exempt from pedantry and fanaticism, he will certainly hold high rank in his party. If Lord DERBY should either obtain a majority at the elections or find an opening through the dissensions of his antagonists, he will have no difficulty in forming a Cabinet, especially as he has, in Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, a Chancellor of the Exchequer who, having drifted into the party by accident, will sedulously adhere to the theory and practice of

Mr. GLADSTONE. The most conspicuous errors of Conservative policy were gratuitously committed by Mr. DISRAELI and Lord DERBY himself, at a time when the whole country, including the great majority of the Conservatives themselves, was deeply interested in the regeneration of Italy. The interest of foreign affairs has now receded into the background, and though Englishmen generally think that the Continent requires political changes, they are not hasty to alter their own institutions. The party which is supported by more than half the wealth and half the respectability of the country ought to possess a considerable share of political influence; and though its functions are perhaps best discharged in opposition, it is desirable that, in case of need, it should be competent for office. On Lord PALMERSTON's retirement, it is possible that personal incompatibilities may shake the Liberal predominance which has lasted so long. The Conservatives have, by lapse of time, shaken themselves free from many of the anomalies with which they were formerly hampered; and if they are judiciously led, they may perhaps not only succeed to power, but retain it for a reasonable time.

THE UNION CHARGEABILITY BILL.

THE trials of the Union Chargeability Bill, severe as they have been, are but half over. It has passed with sufficient difficulty through an assembly in which the borough members, whose constituencies it will benefit, enormously preponderate. It has now to face discussion before a body where the power of the boroughs is very slender. It comes before them weighted with all Mr. VILLIERS's irritating insinuations against the landowners and untrustworthy statistics of their misdeeds; and, above all, discredited by his refusal to develop it into a complete and really equitable form by abolishing the power of removal altogether. It is natural that the friends of the Bill should be somewhat nervous as to its success. The mere fact that the Government have used it with little disguise as an electioneering instrument, and that it has already made its appearance in electoral addresses in several places where it will tend to decrease local rates, may not impossibly promote party action in the other direction. The Bill, therefore, scarcely goes into the House of Lords with a fair chance. By its nature it provokes the enmity of a large body among the squires; the tactics of the Minister who introduced it have irritated the whole class; and the tactics of the electioneering agents of the Reform Club are likely to bring down their opponents of the Carlton in a body against the Bill. What chance will it have in the House of Lords, next week, against such an array of opposition? Is it quite impossible that the astute President of the Poor-Law Board should be "riding for a fall," with a view to the coming elections and the advantages of a good cry?

Still, there are considerations on the other side which make the prospects of the Bill not quite so gloomy as they look. In the first place, there is a considerable difference between the feelings with which it is regarded by a small landowner and a large one. It may be the interest of the owner of one parish to drive his poor into the next, for so he can put his own rates upon his neighbour's shoulders. But there is a limit to this method of levying contributions, because there is a limit to a labourer's powers of walking. At whatever cost, a man must live at furthest within five miles of his work; and if he cannot find work under that condition in one place, he must look for it in another. There may be individual cases of extreme hardship which may be quoted as exceptions to such a rule, but they must be very few. Consequently, a very large landowner, whose property runs into several parishes, will usually find it impossible to quarter any considerable portion of his labourers upon his neighbours' rates. If he can shut them out of one parish, he will probably fail to do so in the next; and therefore he will still be liable to be rated for them when they require relief. At the same time it is not impossible that he will himself, in one of his parishes, be the victim of the operations of some smaller neighbour. In short, the mere fact of land being held in large masses in any district, of itself, without any legislative aid, constitutes an extension of the area of rating. It is impossible, of course, to say how far this general rule applies in particular cases; but, on the whole, a body of large landowners is likely to be very much less hostile to the Bill than a body of small landowners. Their greater wealth also is likely to make them more accessible to the demands of philanthropy. Whether a benevolent doctrine is accepted with enthusiasm or scrutinized with jealous ill-will depends very much on the fractional portion of a man's income which it proposes to appropriate. As long

as the reputation for philanthropy can be bought cheap, there will always, in the present state of public opinion, be plenty of purchasers.

But there is another argument in favour of passing the Bill which will weigh heavily with the House of Lords. Whatever else can be alleged against that assembly, it cannot be said that they have ever exerted their legislative power in furtherance of their own private interests. The battle of the Corn-laws was stubbornly fought for nearly ten years. More than half a century passed between the time when PITT proposed a succession duty upon land, and failed to carry it, and the time when GLADSTONE passed it. But both these contests began and ended in the House of Commons. The victorious measures each passed through the House of Lords in a single Session. There can be little doubt that a fear of the misconstruction to which they would be exposed operated, on both these occasions, to induce many Peers to sacrifice political opinions which they conscientiously held. The present would certainly not be a favourable opportunity for abandoning this salutary rule. The principal complaint against the House of Lords of late years has been the almost entire abeyance into which it has suffered its legislative functions to fall. Upon all questions, with the single exception of those bearing upon religion, it has been content to register with fidelity the decrees of the House of Commons. The attendance has been scanty, the sittings have been short, the debates have been confined almost entirely to a few prominent men. In fact, political semi-animation has been the condition of the House of Lords, with few intervals, for many years past. A sudden renewal of activity upon a matter in which the personal interests of the members of the House of Lords, and those of the poorest class in the community, are supposed to be antagonistic, would expose them to the imputation for which they have always shown themselves so laudably anxious not to give any cause. Upon a question so invidious, the Peers will probably feel a disinclination to exert their powers which will be too strong to be overcome by the Duke of RUTLAND's arguments. Nor, even if they entirely agreed with him in opinion, could it be fairly pressed upon them as a matter of duty to give effect to their opinions by their votes. Even those who look upon the Union Chargeability Bill with the greatest horror will hardly contend that the evils it involves are greater than the evil of destroying in the public mind the reputation enjoyed by the House of Peers for disinterested and upright patriotism.

It does not follow, however, that because the Lords are likely to refuse to reject the Bill, they will therefore abstain from amending it. In the form in which it passed the House of Commons, it was scarcely just to those upon whom it imposed new burdens. It is either too sudden in its action, or not sudden enough. Mr. VILLIERS refused to abolish the law of removal, on the ground that the change would be too sudden a strain on the resources of the towns, where it would largely increase the number of chargeable poor. He thinks it only fair that the process should be conducted gradually, and that sufficient notice should be given. But this sense of the value of gradual change entirely deserts him when he comes to apply a similar operation to the squire. His Bill will, in many places, double or treble a landowner's rates. The new burden which it will inflict on some districts will be very much heavier than any that would be imposed upon towns by the abolition of the power of removal. It is quite clear that, if notice is fair for the town, it is fair for the squire too; nor is the relative justice of the case in any way altered by the fact that Mr. VILLIERS sits for a large town. No one would take exception to the action of the House of Lords if they redressed this partial balance. It could be done either by introducing the abolition of removal into the Bill, or by deferring the change in the area of chargeability for a fixed period. To landowners who are living quite up to their income, and whose delicate financial equilibrium would be easily upset by a large increase of rates, such a postponement, giving them time to make a corresponding reduction in their expenditure, would be a substantial boon. It is probable that, if the House of Lords makes any alteration in the Bill, it will be rather in this direction than in that of the abolition of the power of removal. Many politicians cling to this barbarous law, not on account of the benefit it confers upon England, but for the sake of the protection which it offers against Ireland. A fear is, or used to be, very generally entertained, that an abandonment of the law of removal would be followed by an immigration of hordes of wild Irishmen, burning to enjoy the luxuries of an English workhouse at Liverpool or Bristol. To philanthropic Englishmen, accustomed to deplore the hardness of workhouse fare and the cruelty of Poor-law officials, such a taste must seem

paradoxical enough. But it becomes more intelligible in proportion as the real character of the Irish Poor-law dawns upon the mind. A witness of authority gave an account before a Committee of the House of Commons, some eleven years ago, of the dietary of the Irish workhouses, which would startle an English pauper. He spoke of the workhouses in the Northern part of Ireland, where they are probably well managed; and his evidence was drawn from statistics furnished by a considerable number of them. His account was, that in none of these workhouses was animal food given to adults at all; and that no food whatever was allowed between two o'clock on one day and eight o'clock the next. If this mode of administering what is pleasantly termed poor relief still continues in Ireland, it may well be that Irish paupers, once made irremovable, will hurry over to enjoy an English workhouse, as to a promised land flowing with milk and honey. But this danger can only affect a very few places, and there is no reason why, for their sake, a reform flagrantly needed in the rest of England should be deferred. If it should be ascertained that these places need exceptional protection, it can be provided by subsequent legislation.

THE NORTH AMERICAN COLONIES.

THE Canadian Deputation has been a long time in London, but, with the exception of some vague hints of a possible arrangement of all the matters under discussion, no account has yet been given by the Government of the result of their conferences, or of the policy, if any, which has been adopted. The opposition of the Maritime Provinces to the scheme of Confederation was, to England, an entirely unlooked-for misadventure, and at this moment it is scarcely known how far the unlucky accident was foreseen in Canada, or what the prospect may be of winning the little colonies of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia to a tardy acceptance of a project which, on the face of it, appears to have been framed in their especial interest. The Canadian delegates have perhaps shown judgment in avoiding every opportunity of explaining to the people of this country what at present is a great mystery. They may have thought it hopeless to render colonial and intercolonial politics intelligible here; and possibly the difficulties which must attend so large an enterprise, and the still greater embarrassments connected with the cognate subject of colonial defence, would not be diminished by a fuller acquaintance with all the minor currents which disturb the general flow of opinion in the North American provinces. Apart from all details, the union of the colonies is so obvious an advantage, especially from a military point of view, that no ordinary impediments to the smooth political working of the constitutional machine will be accepted here as a sufficient reason for abandoning the undertaking. The fuller accounts which have arrived from time to time of the debates in the Canadian Parliament, and of the prevailing tone of feeling in the country, show, as might have been anticipated, that matters of local interest and minute detail have had much more influence in shaping the course of the minority than we could have foreseen from our distant point of view. There is nothing that we can find in the arguments against the Confederation which can for a moment be put into the balance against the vast accession of strength and wealth which a military and commercial union would effect; nor is it possible to believe that intercolonial free trade and an efficient defensive organization will ever be brought about without political amalgamation, either in the shape of a Confederation or of a still more intimate union. As yet, however, the opinions of the opponents of Confederation have scarcely been heard in this country; and as the only chance of ultimate success depends on the conversion of a considerable proportion of those who now dissent or hesitate, it may be wise to pay more heed than has yet been done to the reasons or the prejudices, whichever we may think them, that have prevented the immediate completion of an organization which appears to be the inevitable destiny of the North American Colonies.

The most effective exposition we have met with of the views of the Canadian minority is contained in an elaborate speech, delivered in opposition to the Confederation scheme, by Mr. DUNKIN, the member for Brome county, in the Canadian Parliament. As an English representative of a district in Lower Canada which is mainly French, Mr. DUNKIN may be assumed to express the feelings of the two sections of the Opposition which are drawn from the rival races; and if an ingenious and certainly not sanguine forecast of all the storms and troubles which may impede the working of the projected

Federation could be regarded as conclusive against it, the argument of the Opposition would be convincing enough. That there will be difficulties to contend with no one doubts, even after the scheme shall have been adopted by all the provinces; but nothing less than a demonstration of its impossibility will satisfy English spectators of the wisdom of abandoning the only tangible proposal which has yet been brought forward for raising some four millions of our fellow-subjects in America to the position of security and the prospect of future prosperity which so important a community ought to enjoy. The leading fact which Mr. DUNKIN brings into prominence was to some extent known, though not perhaps fully appreciated, on this side of the Atlantic. The Confederation scheme was, as he no doubt correctly says, devised in the first instance as a means of escape from the dead-lock of Canadian party-politics. Upper and Lower Canada are, by the old Act of Union, represented by precisely equal numbers of members in the common House of Assembly. Each section wins from the other a few recruits, and the result has been to leave parties so nicely balanced in the Legislature as to preclude the possibility of a stable Government. Upper Canada, moreover, is gaining population much more rapidly than the French province, and is already considerably in advance of it. As a natural consequence, she has been clamouring for some years for a share of representation proportioned to her numbers—a demand which, up to the date of the Confederation project, Lower Canada had as naturally resisted with all her strength. The equality and the rivalry of the two sections of the country had other evil effects besides the impediment which it offered to the formation of a Government strong enough to provide for the defence of the frontier—a task the difficulties of which have always been more of a pecuniary than a military kind. As a tribute to local jealousy, every Administration was of necessity compounded of an approximately equal number of members from each province, and every local job which was ever perpetrated in the interest of one division of the nominally united colony (and there have been abundance of such transactions) had to be balanced by a corresponding piece of extravagance for the benefit of the other. Nothing could be much worse than such a condition of things, and the only conceivable remedy was to give Upper Canada the preponderance she claimed (a solution constantly insisted on by Mr. BROWN), unless the difficulty could be got over by merging the two rival districts in a more comprehensive union. There can be no doubt that the embarrassments arising from this chronic question were the chief inducements to Mr. CARTIER and Mr. BROWN to form an Administration representing the majorities of both provinces, with the avowed object of promoting Confederation, or, failing that, of bringing in some working compromise for remodelling the Constitution of Canada alone.

From these facts Mr. DUNKIN draws the inference that the project of Confederation was adopted, not for its own merits, but because it relieved the Ministry from an alternative pledge which it was out of their power to redeem. All this may be true enough, but to us it seems wholly beside the question, unless it can be shown that the proposed Federal Constitution has no merits of its own to recommend it. And this the representative of the Opposition seems to have felt, for he devotes all his energies to proving that the new Federal Parliament would be a still more impracticable body than the unmanageable assembly which represents the two Canadas alone. The theory is that, just as a sort of double Ministry is needed to satisfy the susceptibilities of two united provinces, a corresponding arrangement for including in every Administration a proper quota from each of the six confederated States will be essential to the working of the new Constitution. If this were so, the change would only serve to multiply existing inconveniences; but it strikes us as a mere rhetorical device to represent that six unequal provinces will insist upon having their several prejudices consulted with the same nicety which is required in combining the equal forces of Upper and Lower Canada. It is not thought essential here to parcel out the various offices of State among English, Scotch, and Irish Ministers, in the proportion of the representation of the respective countries; and the insuperable obstacles which are conjured up, though they may naturally suggest themselves to a Canadian politician with a keen perception of the jealousies and rivalries of the French and English elements, will not lead calmer spectators from without to despair of the ultimate success of the projected Federation. A more serious objection is that which arises from the peculiar position of Lower Canada. Isolated in race and religion, and outnumbered as she will be in the

Federal Parliament, a natural reaction will tend to make her French and Catholic majority all the more bigoted and aggressive in their turn. The local Legislature may be expected to revenge upon the Protestant minority of that province all the slights which a Federal majority may inflict on the French race, and there is no doubt some risk that the educational and other institutions of the English inhabitants of the Lower Province may suffer indirectly from the supremacy of their own race in the general Parliament. These and a multitude of other apprehended inconveniences are relied on as the main ground of opposition to the BROWN-CARTIER project, but it needs a specially Canadian appreciation of such local matters to put them on a par with the vast military and commercial advantages of Confederation. We give the inhabitants of Lower Canada of both races credit for tact and good sense enough to work their new Constitution, when once established, into a practicable shape, and we are not satisfied that more forbearance and judgment will be required for the purpose than the existing Constitution already exacts.

We have not space to follow in detail the objections which are raised to the precise form of the Constitutional Statute. That it might be fairly open to criticism in many particulars was naturally to be expected, and that an efficient debater should have been able to hit many blots really proves no more than that the statute, after it has once passed, may require revision at a future day. What we look for in vain from those who oppose the project is any alternative policy which will afford equal promise of making the whole of British North America stronger and more prosperous than it is now. Without union there will be no free trade, and no such material link as the proposed railway will supply. A common army for common defence will be still more out of the question, and no ingenuity in discovering defects in the BROWN-CARTIER scheme will dispense with what to English minds must always appear the essential condition of any settlement. The most serious ground of the opposition rests on a conviction which we cannot share. Mr. DUNKIN is evidently impressed with the feeling that the union of the colonies tends to separation from Great Britain. Not only does he recoil, as a matter of sentiment, from any legislation in this direction, but he urges, with much plausibility and force, that these North American Colonies are not strong enough to exist alone, and that a severance of the tie between them and the Mother-country would be followed by their absorption in the neighbouring Republic. He only repeats what every Canadian has told us for years when he says that there is no inclination on the part of the colonists to exchange the connection with England for a partnership with the United States; but one or the other he regards as an inevitable condition of Canadian existence, and he judges every policy mainly by considering towards which of these two poles it gravitates. It is only a small, though rather energetic, party in England that would desire to part company with the colonies, whatever might be the result; but we believe there will be few in this country who will form the same estimate of the tendencies of the Confederation scheme which has so alarmed its opponents on the spot. The only risk at present discernible of any severance between this country and Canada arises from the exaggerated notion which seems to prevail in that colony of what Great Britain can do and ought to do for its defence. The colonists declare that, with 4,000,000 of inhabitants on the spot, it is hopeless for them to think of maintaining any efficient defence of their frontier, and at the same time they fancy that England could easily send over troops enough to protect them from all aggression. They have not yet learned that any defensive system must be based on local armies, and that English help can never amount to more than the supply of material of war, and the despatch of an army sufficient to form a nucleus of organization. Until they do appreciate these, which may be called the physical, conditions of the defence question, there will always be a feeling in Canada that England grudges a measure of assistance which in reality she has no power to give, with a corresponding doubt in this country whether the colonists are as earnest as they might be in their determination to maintain their freedom. If all differences on this score are avoided, there is no reason why the bond between us and the colonists should not grow closer as time goes on; and we believe that the spirit which would be engendered by the union of all the provinces would do more to satisfy and stipulate this country in their behalf, and to make the task of defence possible whatever might befall, than any measure which could be substituted for it.

Mr. DUNKIN, indeed, shadows out an alternative policy which he conceives more likely to maintain the bond of

connection with Great Britain. If practicable, he would seem to be willing to retrace the steps of past years, and give up something of colonial independence in exchange for a larger measure of Imperial protection. It is too late, however, as he admits, for speculations of this kind, and now that the relations of the Mother-country and the colonies are substantially those of intimate but almost independent allies, he would seek to knit them closer by improving the channels of political communication between the governing powers of each country, by the formation of a Colonial Council in England, and by other analogous arrangements. All these, however, though good enough in their way, are wanting in the one great element of the Confederation policy—the development of the power and organization of the colonies to such a point as to place them, when backed as they would be by all the strength of England, in safety against any aggression. As separate colonies, they either cannot or do not manifest a strength equal to the requirements of their position, and no bargaining with England will supply the place of a sufficient native army, or remove the hindrances to intercolonial commerce which ought no longer to retard the progress of countries owning the same allegiance. These advantages the Confederation scheme does promise, and would, we believe, to a great extent secure; and if it had ten times as many defects as its opponents have pointed out, Englishmen will—and we think rightly—look at it mainly from the point of view of colonial defence, and will prefer it to any rival scheme which professes to do little more than smooth the difficulties of local politics, and improve the machinery of communication with the Mother-country. Whether it will be advisable to pass a preliminary measure here, suspending its operation until all the colonies shall have given in their adhesion, is a question which the Government, with the aid of the Canadian delegates, should be able to decide; but after all that has been done, it may be hoped that an enterprise which began so hopefully will not be given up at the first breath of opposition, and that, sooner or later, the North American Confederation will become a reality.

THE BALLOT.

THE Ballot is one of those questions which really encourage the almost extinct hope that argument exercises some influence over the human mind. It is a cheering, but almost solitary, comfort. The tenacity of life ordinarily manifested by a cry which has once fairly got into the hands of the electioneering agents is wonderful. At one general election after another, electors go on exacting obedience to it from their candidates, and candidates go on repeating it to their electors, without an attempt on either side to give a reason for what they call their belief with which it is possible for argument to grapple. When it fairly gets down to the ten-pounder, it is no longer a doctrine, or even a cry; it becomes a mere pass-word. It serves the same purposes as a uniform; it distinguishes one side from another. No one ever thinks of asking for the first principles of a uniform, or inquiring as to the reasons by which the inventor of it was induced to select a particular tint. It is enough for the faithful soldier that it is worn by the officers under whom he is accustomed to act, and he would not listen very respectfully to arguments addressed to him for the purpose of convincing him that the tint was ill-selected or the pattern inconvenient. It is nearly as hopeless to convince the British elector upon any question that has unfortunately become a party cry; and it is scarcely less difficult to convince the candidate whom he has forced to swallow his pledge. There appears to be but one effective mode of dispelling one of these baseless electoral fictions. If any member of Parliament can be procured who will undertake by his advocacy to make it ridiculous in the House of Commons, and is by nature competent to do so, members will at last become ashamed of having to support it; and the fear of each other's ridicule exerts a control even over the profligacy of hustings' pledges. But the task of thus slaying a vigorous cry requires men specially gifted for such a work. They must be defended by a tough moral integument against the sensation of shame or the fear of being thought fools. Such a man the British Constitution, in her hour of need, has found in Mr. WHALLEY, under whose vigorous blows the Protestant cry is expiring fast. Such a man also has been found in Mr. HENRY BERKELEY to do the same service by the Ballot. He is determined to lose no opportunity of completing his task before the general election comes round again. A certain number of members will be forced next week to vote for his motion, but they will follow him into the lobby with as much goodwill as the enthusiastic Protestants do who are com-

pelled to march through Coventry with Mr. WHALLEY. It is to be hoped that the approaching dissolution will be to them the dissolution of this ignominious bondage. If the electors have any sympathy with the general state of opinion on this subject, no members will be returned bound to this illusory vote; or, what is the same thing, no one who chooses to discredit himself by taking such pledge will be returned.

There may be a certain number who genuinely believe in the Ballot, but they must be men very far removed from the stir of electioneering politics. The project proceeds entirely upon the assumption that, if electors could be rescued from the fear of landlords or customers, their votes would be given from pure political motives. The actual number who are animated by these exalted views, but whose views are not exalted enough to defy the influence of landlords or of customers, could, of course, only be ascertained in the Palace of Truth. But it is clear enough that these motives are not the most important in the eyes of electioneering agents. The definition of a "good candidate" is not a candidate whose views are unimpeachable, for, if that were the case, the present dearth of good candidates would not be experienced. There are always a sufficient number of persons who are ready to take any pledge they may be called upon to take, for the sake of the social distinction involved in a Parliamentary seat. A good candidate means something more than this. It means a candidate who, through himself or his family, has had an opportunity of conciliating the goodwill of the locality. Now there is no objection in the eyes of any sensible man to people voting for a candidate because they like him, or because they like his family. But these are not the pure political motives of which the advocate of the Ballot dreams. They are motives no better of their kind than that which leads you to vote on the same side as your landlord or your customer, because you wish to stand well with him. There is another class of motives scarcely so respectable, which influence the constituencies very largely. They are those which work on electors through their pockets. So far as such electors have any political opinions at all, those opinions are restricted to questions in which they have a pecuniary interest. The farmer votes for the repeal of the Malt-tax; the manufacturer votes for the French Treaty; the landlord votes against the repeal of the Corn-laws. It is ridiculous to rate these motives in the least degree higher than those against which the Ballot is professedly levelled. They consist of self-interest in its lowest and least mitigated form. The advocates of the Ballot imagine a race of electors who, if left to themselves, would carefully study the political questions of the day, and, having formed their opinions after such study, would give their votes, without fear or favour, for the candidates who most nearly represented them. They are right in assuming such a race of electors in support of their theory. Without it, the idea of securing the "independence of the electors" is an absurdity. The only independence which is worth securing is that which will leave full scope for a deliberate and unbiassed political judgment—not that which will simply give an opportunity for the exercise of personal predilection or pecuniary greed. But the electors who are uninfluenced by such motives will be found chiefly in Utopia. If it were possible to free them from the operation of every other secondary motive, except that of standing well with their customers or landlords, it might be worth while to employ the Ballot, or some more efficient contrivance, for the purpose of doing so. But as the mass of electors will always be swayed by secondary motives, it is legitimate to retain the regard to landlords and customers as correctives of the rest. It is a principle of action quite as likely to produce salutary results as obedience to the authorities of a Trade's Union, or to the preacher of a favourite chapel, or as the desire to make the legislation of the country subservient to private gain.

In truth, even in the region of bare theory, the position of the ballotists is untenable. The House of Commons claims to be, and ought to be, a representation of the whole community. But to satisfy that claim it must represent the community as it is, not as, in some impossible conjuncture of circumstances, it might be. Now, there is not a man, from the highest to the lowest, who is not much influenced in every course of action upon which he enters by the opinions of those who are watching him while he acts. What each of us would be, if we were free from the operation of any such influence, it would be difficult to say; because, since the world existed, there has never been any community of men who have habitually acted in absolute independence of each other's judgment. Probably the consequence, if it could be brought about, would be no great improvement on the present state of things. But at present it is simply the result of a strong imaginative effort. Yet on this creation of the imagination

the ballotists desire to build a political system. They wish, before consulting the electors, to place them in a condition which no assemblage of human beings ever occupied before. They desire to abstract them from those influences which are part and parcel of their moral being—under whose operation they have grown up, by whose guidance most of their political action has been determined, and to which, in profession at least, they have always conformed themselves in their conversation upon political subjects. This ideal Englishman, purified from all the admixture of foreign elements from which in practical life he has never been isolated, may be a very admirable object, but no multiplication of him will make up that English nation which the House of Commons exists to represent. The sound view of the structure of that powerful body is that it should be so constituted that the public opinion which governs outside its walls should rule with equal force within them. If the two are not kept in harmony, the House of Commons loses its authority, and the State in the wisdom of its guidance. But a House of Commons framed not to represent English society as it is, where the strong have some power over the weak, the rich over the poor, the many over the few, the intelligent over the stolid, but to represent a theoretical England, in which this mutual interconnection is assumed not to exist, would soon come into conflict with that public opinion which, restricted by no artificial laws, takes its shape according to the relative power of the moral forces that combine to make it, and which gives to every natural inequality, be it wealth or moral influence or personal ability, its fitting and due expression.

It is a consolation that, if the Reformers do not in the Ballot debates agree with doctrines of this kind, they adopt them without stint when they are forwarding another part of their great enterprise. Mr. BAINES, on moving the second reading of his ill-fated Bill, dwelt with great emphasis on the argument that, whatever the constituency might be, wealth would still retain its influence, and the constitution of the House of Commons would practically remain the same. Did it occur to him to inquire what was the meaning of those words, the "influence of wealth"? And, if he remembered the real significance of what he said, how can he vote for the Ballot? How can wealth, as such, have any influence except that which the Ballot is intended to destroy? Education, high morality, personal popularity, may have an influence which has no connection with money. But wealth, taken by itself, can only exercise an influence connected with the elements of which wealth consists. It can only operate by instilling hope of gain or fear of loss. But, if these are such admirable safeguards that they ought to induce wealthy men to vote for an extended suffrage, how can it be so necessary for the safety of the Constitution to destroy them by means of the Ballot?

EXTINCT CONTROVERSIES.

Few things are more interesting, and scarcely any are more instructive, than a review of some of the more celebrated controversies which have expired in consequence of the advance of knowledge. Like extinct volcanoes of the physical world, they tell us of forces long spent, as well as of their sweep and potency while they were in action. We are admitted while studying them to glimpses of modes of thought and feeling of which hardly a trace now remains, the new moral and intellectual strata completely overlaying and hiding them from our view. Accustomed in our text-books to see the results and discoveries of ages rapidly recapitulated in a few smooth chapters, it is only by occasional excursions into old controversies that we can get a notion of the extreme slowness with which these results and discoveries were arrived at—that we can see what a troublesome unbefriended thing truth generally is on its first appearance in the world, how unnecessary it is felt to be, and how objectionable, not to say odious, those inquiring spirits are who insist upon introducing more than exists already. In fact, we come upon opinion in the making, and can see the striking contrasts between the various stages of the same doctrine as it moved towards completeness. Or again, if we are so inclined, we may obtain abundant matter for cheap exultation by comparing our own enlightenment with the "besotted ignorance" of our forefathers. We may point to the "marvellous discoveries" which they at first rejected, we may dwell on the vast and still-growing capabilities for good which these discoveries have placed in our hands, and we may triumphantly infer that our ancestors were not only a most degraded and narrow-minded set of persons, but also—seeing that they rejected these useful novelties—a most hard-hearted and indeed brutal folk withal, our descent from whom it is a positive condescension to admit. This is certainly not the spirit in which we would recommend any one to study the monuments of old controversies. Just as they will afford unlimited gratification to modern conceit, if that be the object sought for, so they will deepen the humility of the genuine truth-seeker, and widen the view of the most

patient philosopher. In a word, they have a very pregnant moral in them, and one not very difficult to seize if we look for it carefully.

And when we speak of extinct controversies, we do not refer to such obsolete disputes as, for instance, the celebrated discussion of the genuineness of the Epistles of Phalaris between Boyle and Bentley. Such a controversy may be memorable, as Hallam says, for having been the first great literary war that has been waged in England. But, in this instance, the interest is purely literary and antiquarian, and springs from the spectacle of a number of sprightly dunces on one side attacking, amid loud applause, a consummate scholar on the other who was as sharp and as witty as any of them. No fertile principle was involved, no novel and fruitful truth was at stake which places the quarrel on the great highway of human progress, and makes us feel its importance now. We have in view those memorable discussions which, whether in science or politics or morals, are manifest links in the mental history of the race, and could not have been spared if the chain was to reach down to the point at which we see it—discussions at the same time which have become so entirely obsolete, in which the victory has been so complete on one side, that we are sometimes in danger of forgetting that there was ever a battle.

When we open an old work on some subject of extinct controversy, one of the first things that strike us is that we can rarely or never entirely agree with it, on whichever side it may be. The author may have been one of the champions of what we now consider the right cause; we may have the strongest sympathy with his general drift; we may see quite plainly that he had got hold of a corner of the truth, and that his opponents are predestined to utter defeat; yet for all that, when we come to examine his arguments, to see the nonsense he takes for undoubted truth, and the futile replies which he makes to objections more futile still, we find it impossible to agree with half he says. Very often we may find him passing entirely over, or else very hastily dwelling on, the strong points of his case, while he employs pages and exerts all his powers to demolish some absurd system which he imagines to stand in his way, though to us it seems marvellous how it could detain him for a moment. Then we find him posed and brought to a painful standstill by an objection which to us is no objection at all, which we can see to be either irrelevant or not founded in fact, and not worth attending to. But it is evidently a very grave and disagreeable business to our author, who nevertheless does not deny or scorn it, but proves by a long chain of reasoning, the force of which is hard to see, that it can be reconciled with his theory, though it is clear that, if the objection were valid instead of being futile, it is downright fatal to it. And even when he gets fairly on the right track, and is combating for a principle of undoubted truth, his reasoning has often a strange obsolescence about it. He is satisfied with arguments which we feel glad are not the only ones; he draws analogies which will not bear inspection; in a word, as was to be expected, he had in view his own contemporaries and special opponents for whom he wrote, and not for us.

And this decay in the force of argument and proof is met with in quarters where, on first thoughts, we should be least disposed to expect it—such as in purely scientific treatises; and it is perhaps as striking in these as in any concerned with morals, politics, or religion. To support this assertion there is no need to have recourse to the preposterous fancies which have often, in the earlier periods of scientific investigation, misled the minds of really great men—as, for instance, the marvellous notions which occupied the great intellect of Kepler, one of the best known of which was that the earth is an animal, that it perceives and dreads the approach of comets, and positively sweats with fear. Leaving such hallucinations, which might fairly be set down to individual peculiarity, and confining ourselves to the broad field of controversy, as it appeared, for instance, during the great battle between the followers of Copernicus and of Ptolemy, we shall find plenty to support the above view. Among the objections which were made to the Copernican theory, this was one—"that the planet Venus in the course of her revolution did not display the same succession of phases which the moon did in the course of a month. The author of that theory"—we quote from Dr. Whewell—"had endeavoured to account for this by supposing that the rays of the sun passed freely through the body of the planet." Now this is just the sort of untenable reasoning on both sides to which we have called attention. The anti-Copernicans argued:—If Venus travelled round the sun, why does she not manifest a series of phases varying from the thinnest crescent up to a full moon? As these phases are not to be seen, it is clear she does not travel round the sun.—Q. E. D. And Copernicus and his immediate followers were fairly posed till Galileo's telescope revealed the very phases which had been denied because imperceptible to the naked eye. Again, it was argued that the earth could not revolve on its axis, inasmuch as a stone dropped from a high tower falls at the foot of the tower, whereas, if the earth revolved as rapidly as was contended, the stone must be left behind to the west of the place from which it fell, just as a heavy body let fall from the masthead of a ship in motion falls, not at the foot of the mast, but towards the stern of the vessel. This argument was the source of great trouble to the Copernicans. They even admitted the fallacious analogy, or rather the complete misstatement, of things dropping from the masthead "towards the stern" of a moving ship; and a considerable time elapsed before any one even thought of making the experiment, and finding where

they did drop, which, as everybody now knows, is at the foot of the mast in the one case, as it is at the base of the tower in the other. This is quite a model of the specious but worthless objections which are sure, sooner or later, to be brought against new discoveries. If the Copernicans had had the grasp of their case which they afterwards acquired, of course such an objection would not have detained them for a moment. But no men, whatever their genius, or whatever the excellence of their cause, can realize and present its strong points all at once.

Passing into another order of ideas, let us take Locke and his defence of civil government against the advocates of passive obedience. There are few philosophers of the seventeenth century whose methods of observation and reasoning are still so fresh and modern as Locke's. Yet it is hardly too much to say that one-half of his celebrated treatise on Government is now effectually obsolete. No less than fifty-six folio pages out of one hundred and twenty-five are taken up with the demolition of Sir Robert Filmer's ludicrously absurd theory that all mankind are born slaves by reason of the sovereignty given by God to Adam. It is impossible to exceed the minuteness and tediousness with which he combats this view step by step. The titles of the chapters are enough to show this:—Chapter 3, "Of Adam's Title to Sovereignty by Creation"; Chapter 4, "Of Adam's Title to Sovereignty by Donation"—Genesis, i. 28; Chapter 5, "Of Adam's Title to Sovereignty by the Subjection of Eve"; Chapter 6, "Of Adam's Title to Sovereignty by Fatherhood," &c. The obsolescence of a controversy was never more vividly manifest. Some have hinted that Locke rather wasted his time in refuting such nonsense, but this is to show a want of the historic spirit which never fails to recognise the successive aspects under which truth and error may appear at different epochs. Not to say that Locke had a distinct personal stake in the issue of the controversy, and that he was the last man to waste his time in trifling, the vigour and pungency of his dialectics are as brilliant in this treatise as in any of his works, and it is clear enough that he considered this portion of the dispute a serious and important one. Some of his arguments are most amusingly pointed and racy, and positively explode poor Filmer into space. As, for instance, "And if God made all mankind slaves to Adam and his heirs by giving Adam dominion over every living thing that moveth on the earth (Gen. i. 28), as our author would have it, methinks Sir Robert should have carried his monarchical power one step higher, and satisfied the world that princes might eat their subjects too, since God gave as full power to Noah and his heirs (Gen. ix. 2), to eat every living thing that moveth, as he did to Adam to have dominion over them, the Hebrew words in both places being the same." In fact, Locke, in his defence of liberty, would scarcely appear less antiquated beside his greatest English successor, Mr. Mill, than would Sir Robert Filmer beside his modern representatives in the advocacy of absolutist opinions—namely, Mr. Carlyle and De Maistre.

There are two ways of looking at an old controversy. There is the narrow vulgar way which patronizes or despises all the past, and indignantly scorns the people who in former times were not violent partisans of the last newfangled views; and there is the less easy and obvious but more philosophic way which allows for differences of mental standpoint, and strives to appreciate the difficulties with which both innovators and their opponents had to contend. The temptation to regard the former opponents of a now clearly-established truth as either very stupid or very unconscientious is often great. As Dr. Whewell says—"We have a latent persuasion that we in their place should have been wiser and more clear-sighted; that we should have taken the right side, and given an assent at once to the truth. Yet in reality such a persuasion is a mere delusion." Nothing, we imagine, is more likely to dispel such delusions than an occasional study of the details of some great controversy. Opposition to a new discovery will generally be found to take place somewhat in this way. A vigorous and observing mind is struck by a fact or series of facts, and in process of time educes from them a new generalization which is presented as a newly-discovered law of nature. Opponents start up, and argue, and protest, and it will generally be found that they are not resisting from mere mental inertia and stupidity, which cannot admit or grasp a new conception, but that they are battling for some other larger and older theory which the new comer is supposed to impugn. They appear as champions of old-established truth against upstart novelty. Perhaps the old theory, hitherto received as a canon of thought, is not denied even by the innovator, yet his innovation is clearly fatal to it. Vehement efforts at compromise and reconciliation are made. The discoverer protests that he has no wish to unsettle the important principle with which his new views are supposed to clash. His opponents make light of his wishes, and point triumphantly to the revolutionary tendency of his doctrines. And so the contest goes on. The advocates of the old system are at least as conscious of integrity and love of truth as their opponents. All their intellectual furniture and apparatus resent and resist the introduction of the intruder who threatens to bring confusion and ruin among views in which their minds and characters have been formed; and if, as it has often happened, they have been accustomed to consider the views thus endangered as of transcendent importance, not only to the present, but to the future and eternal welfare of humanity, their anxiety and difficulty can well be understood, if not completely excused. It was in this way that most of the discoveries of the great mathematicians who pre-

ceded Newton were met by their supposed antagonism to the doctrine of the Church or the letter of Scripture. Neither Copernicus nor Galileo believed one whit more in his geometry and mechanics than did the zealous Churchmen who withstood them believe in the supremacy and all-sufficiency of Holy Writ. If geometry appeared to say one thing and Scripture another, they had no doubt which was in the wrong. To suppose that ordinary men, at the bidding of a problem or calculation, would, so to speak, empty their minds of all previous opinions and beliefs, can only arise from an imperfect and one-sided view of human nature. Of course, in process of time, the new discovery, if it were really one, and founded on fact, acquired such clearness and evidence that it was impossible for any rational being to deny it, follow what would. What generally followed was a quiet and unobtrusive modification of the old theory in whose behalf the battle had been fought. To what an extent this occurred in the instance which we have just cited will be at once recollected by our readers.

But while it behoves us to hold the balance fairly, and to avoid injustice even to men who have been dead and gone ages ago, simply for our own sakes, it is nevertheless to be remembered that resistance to truth is no light thing, even if it be made on the highest and most conscientious grounds. The old battlefields on which, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the strife was so hot and animated are now quietly tilled by peaceful workers, undisturbed by hostile inroads. Astronomy, mechanics, chemistry, and almost geology itself, preserve the even tenor of their way unmolested by controversy, except by such as arise in their own private dominions, and among their own most loyal subjects. These are mere family quarrels which soon pass off, and are followed by greater harmony and prosperity than ever. But the contemporaries of Darwin and Huxley, of Mill and Comte, need not be told that the old wars have broken out in new places, and that discussions are now pending which will one day rank among the most important of philosophical *causes célèbres*. By both of the contending parties we think that a useful moral might be drawn from the facts and precedents to be met with in numerous, and all but forgotten, extinct controversies.

CIVILIZED WAR.

THE war which is drawing to a close in the United States has taught us some valuable lessons. The gigantic experiments, for example, on iron-plates and heavy artillery have contributed towards solving many problems in military art. But these incidental results, important as they are, are still of minor importance. They may save us a certain amount of time and money. They may enable us to overleap a few terms in the long series of contests between guns and armour. Our military skill may receive an improvement *per saltum*, instead of following the slow gradations of the ordinary process of discovery; and we may at once learn, what would otherwise have taken several years, how to spend money on the implements of war twice as fast as we are doing at present. There are, however, certain lessons which are likely to be of more interest to the future historian. The gradual perfecting of warlike instruments is itself a mere incident of that progress in mechanical skill which is one characteristic of our civilization. But a more direct light is thrown upon the nature of that civilization by some other peculiarities of the contest. Thus, for example, it has given a severe shock to many of the dreams of an approaching millennium of peace. It is certainly remarkable that within twelve years men of strong common sense should have believed that war was becoming obsolete. The Crimean and Italian struggles were a puzzle for such philosophers, but they have been entirely eclipsed by the four years' desperate warfare in America. It is plain that, if the believers in peace were not entirely deceived, they had at any rate mistaken the reflux of a wave for an ebb in the tide. The tide may be going down; war may be gradually becoming more and more obsolete; but the movement is one of too large a scope to be strikingly perceptible within the narrow limits of a single generation. The cold fits may recur more frequently, and may last longer each time; but it is certainly premature to say that we are already beyond the danger of a relapse into a hot fit.

The particular symptoms which have attended this new attack of the military fever may help to determine whether it is likely to become rarer in future, and, if so, by what process its gradual extinction will be worked out. The most remarkable fact about the war is perhaps its duration. When the three most powerful nations of Europe last settled their quarrels with bayonets and bullets, they were suffering severely before the end of the second winter. The strain upon their strength was at any rate such as to make peace extremely welcome to two of the three parties to the contest. The population of the Northern States is inferior to that of the weakest of the nations represented in the Crimean war. They have, however, been able to protract a struggle for four years, without any absolute financial collapse and without any dangerous depletion of their ranks. The Southerners have, indeed, been exhausted by the superior weight and resources of their antagonists; but for four years they have made efforts which may be measured by the exertion necessary to overcome them. The causes which have led to the almost unprecedented obstinacy of the contest are to some extent obvious, though not the less interesting. The fanatical zeal for the Union which penetrated the Northern masses, and the deter-

mined State patriotism of the South, are remarkable political phenomena. It is evident that they imply the existence of energetic forces by the play of which the future configuration of American societies will be determined. One circumstance has, however, greatly increased the intensity of their present manifestation, and is specially worthy the consideration of other countries. In looking back upon the course of the war, it is impossible not to be struck with one extraordinary change. In its earlier period armies seemed to be immovable. They never advanced more than a day's march from their supplies. They clung to the great rivers and railroads, as a man out of his depth clings to a life-buoy. The battles raged along the border line, desolating a narrow strip of country, but never penetrating into the interior. A bird's-eye view of the Southern States would have shown them encircled by a fluctuating band of contending armies, sometimes closing and sometimes relaxing, but never concentrating into masses or nearing the heart of the country. The singularly indecisive nature of all the early battles was connected with this peculiarity. More blood has never been shed within an equal time and an equal area than has drenched the district between Richmond and Washington. Every year of the war has seen the fray rock furiously backwards and forwards over precisely the same ground. Neither Bull Run, nor McClellan's losses, nor the fearful bloodshed of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, could shake off the grasp of the Northern generals. The nature of the ground, and the importance which the Southern Government attached to Richmond, will partly account for the indecisive nature of the contest in this particular region. On comparing, however, the contests of those early days with the extraordinary marches of Sherman, no one can fail to be struck by the change. The Northern armies have undergone a transformation like that of some zoophytes. They have ceased to be fixed to the rock, and have become free swimming animals. An army such as the disorderly mob which was crushed into a hopeless chaos at Bull Run would have been as incapable of following Sherman as a prize-pig of showing sport in a boar-hunt, or a post-prandial alderman of ascending Mont Blanc. It was totally devoid, not only of the discipline, but of the organization by which the discipline might be rendered effective.

Now it is at once obvious that warfare carried on with armies of the earlier type was of necessity indecisive. The blows lost half their power from the want of cohesion of the masses impelled against each other. It was like striking with a flail instead of a bludgeon; there was a fatal want of continuity in the weapon. If it had been possible to gather together all the available resources of each of the two Governments, to weld them vigorously into one solid mass, and to hurl it energetically against their opponent, the war must have been over in half the time. With armies as compact and movable as Sherman's (although, in point of mere discipline, Sherman's is probably far short of a European army), the two Powers must have confronted each other within a few months, and the Leipzig, if not the Waterloo, of the war have been fought in a couple of years. The difference between the wars of Europe and America is like that between an ancient boxing-match with naked hands and a match with the caestus. The strength of the combatants might be the same, but in one case a few rapid blows would inflict decisive injury, while, in the other, a long struggle with comparatively ineffectual means might be terminated only by the complete exhaustion of one of the athletes. Utterly unable to reach a vital part, one of the rivals would only give in when weakened by repeated bruises, and by bleeding from the extremities. If the South had been able to make a progress equal to that which the North owed to its mechanical and manufacturing skill, and to its comparatively dense population, the end of the war might have been different, but it would have been brought to a speedier issue. It would be easy to adduce many further illustrations of the causes which led to the indecisive and consequently protracted nature of the struggle. For a long time even the tools were wanting; the absolute non-existence of material retarded the efforts of both sides, but more especially of the aggressive North. The navy which was to blockade the Southern ports had to be created. The monitors had not only to be built, but to be invented. Rifles and cannon had to be manufactured, not to speak of the various articles the supply of which created the shoddy aristocracy. But the material deficiencies were of less importance than the absence of discipline. When a regiment was ready to march away on the eve of a battle, because its time of service was up; when it would retire, even in the midst of a battle, if a majority were of opinion that they had done their fair share of fighting; when a battle finally won was only one degree less disastrous than a battle lost, because it reduced the victorious troops into such a disorganized mass that it took them three days to put themselves together again; and when, at the same time, the natural individual courage was such that thorough "demoralization," though often reported, never actually occurred, it was rather difficult to bring matters to a decisive issue. They could not fight to much purpose, and to run away altogether they were ashamed. The only question was, whether the obstinacy of one side would be fairly worn out before they had time to perfect their instruments of war. Although the Northern people have shown great quickness in learning many military lessons, they might have been tired out by financial disaster. But here came in the remarkable feature of the case. Perfect children in the art of war, except indeed that they had some able generals, they were anything but children commercially. Notwithstanding an ignorance of political economy which fairly amounts to the sublime, they

had sufficient resources to enable them to bear up through the period of distress. They thus presented a curious mixture of strength and weakness. If civilization were tested by the existing wealth of a community and the rate of its increase, they would stand high amongst nations; if by proficiency in the military art, they were in the very dark ages of the world. The question was whether, under the stress of the war, they would be able to raise themselves to the necessary standard in both departments. We have thus had a very curious experiment tried before our eyes. We have seen the progress of centuries compressed into years, and the contrast between skilled and unskilled warfare thus brought into the sharpest possible relief. It is as though we had found a man of good natural talents and general cultivation who, by some strange accident, had not been taught to read. The state of his mind before and after he picked up the art would point a moral which we can in general only infer from an elaborate retrospect upon distant times, when reading was not yet a fashionable accomplishment.

The most general truth which we can infer from the phenomena of the contest is that, as civilization advances, wars are likely to become short, sharp, and decisive. In savage tribes, war is part of their normal condition. You may be shot, or scalped, or made into a slave, or possibly converted into steaks, whenever your neighbour from the next valley takes a fancy to you. But, as the savage has no capital to speak of, the direct injury is confined to the very small evil of there being one savage the less. Those who remain are not materially worse off than before; but, of course, their improvement is slow in proportion to the want of confidence. Every increase in civilization increases the power of combination, and increases the quantity of wealth which depends for its protection upon the maintenance of peace. Thus the power of carrying on decisive wars increases in an enormous ratio. Railroads and telegraphs have brought us so close together that we may have our grasp upon each other's throats at a moment's notice. Europe is not a third part of the size, if we reckon size by distance of given points, and distance by the time taken to traverse it, that it was in the time of Napoleon. Paris is nearer to Berlin now than it was then to the French frontier, and all the available troops of both nations might meet each other half-way in a month. The improved military and civil organization has the same tendency. Governments obtain daily a greater power of using credit—that is, of getting hold of all the wealth in the country by a speedy process. Once, taxes dropped in in a languid stream, proportioned to the slowness of military expenditure; now they flow abundantly in answer to the slightest pressure, and can be anticipated with facility by loans. It follows that, while we are richer and more populous than formerly, we can throw our wealth and our men into the field far more quickly; and, when there, we can strike blows that will be more deeply felt. The rapid improvement of modern artillery is merely one instance of this progress. The skill which goes to make an Armstrong or a Whitworth gun renders it necessary to employ more wealth and more labour; our tools become more expensive at least as quickly as they become more effective. Consequently, we produce a greater effect if successful, and suffer a heavier loss otherwise. In either case, the result is obtained more rapidly. The difference between ancient and modern warfare is best illustrated by the difference between the old fleets of numerous sailing-vessels trying to get at each other for months, and then hammering at each other for hours, and the modern rams armed with two or three tremendous guns, driven at their adversaries by steam, and smashing or smashed in half-a-dozen shots.

On the whole, and in the long run, the change is doubtless favourable to humanity, much in the same way as gunpowder has tended to diminish suffering. The loss is concentrated into months of agony, instead of spreading over years of insecurity; and the extreme inconvenience which war now produces to complicated commercial interests seems to make more converts to peace than the mere general preaching of old times. But it is not to be denied that, if war is going out of fashion, it takes a very long time about it.

OLD CATHOLICS AND NEW.

IT is very rarely that any religious community of long standing and historical position receives so considerable an accession, at once of numerical strength and of intellectual importance, as the Roman Catholic Church in this country has done during the last quarter of a century. Such an addition must necessarily exercise a disturbing influence on the body which sustains, and to some extent profits by it; and it is only natural that the converts' former friends should watch the relationships which grow up between them and their new allies with a critical, and even an exaggerating, eye. One consequence of this temper on the part of Protestants is to be seen in the general tendency to regard the distinction between converts and old Catholics as the key to that line of demarcation which divides the English Roman Catholics into two separate, if not hostile, camps. Of course there is a certain amount of truth connected with this way of looking at things. Common associations and a common history naturally tend to bring men together, and in many cases the converts have been connected by former intimacies, which spring up and blossom anew when they are once more nourished by a common theological interest. But, on the whole, the point of view of which we are speaking is thoroughly superficial

and inaccurate. The divisions of the Roman Catholic body in this country have a deeper foundation than one of date. They are based, at least to some extent, on radically divergent principles, not always indeed intelligently apprehended, but still existing in a certain blind and confused way, and giving a recognisable colour to the instincts and sympathies of those who hold them. The boundary between the two parties—between the Romanizers on the one hand, and those whom, for want of a better and more expressive designation, we must call the Liberal Catholics on the other—does not at all coincide with the distinction between Roman Catholics by birth and Roman Catholics by adoption. It would be nearer the truth to say that the standards on both sides have been raised by converts, or under convert influence, and that the old Catholics have been more or less compelled to choose their part, and to range themselves under one or the other flag. The *Dublin Review* and the *Home and Foreign Review* may to some extent be taken as representing, in their most developed form, the two opposite phases of Roman Catholicism in England, but the contributors to both of them have been drawn indifferently from the whole communion, without regard to chronological considerations. The most prominent ecclesiastic in each camp—of formal leadership we can hardly say there is any—Dr. Manning and Dr. Newman, are both converts; and, remarkable as is the intellectual isolation in which the latter has so long been left, it has been owing at least as much to the violent hostility of many whom he originally introduced into the Roman Church as to the stolid want of appreciation of him by those whom he found there already.

We do not say that the feeling of dislike towards the newcomers with which the entire body of Roman Catholics in England has been so freely credited does not exist in a certain limited degree. There are two classes of the clergy, for instance, in whom it is especially discoverable. We are apt, when looking at the immense advances which Roman Catholicism in England has made during the last thirty years, to forget that this progress has been mainly political, and that it has often been accompanied by counterbalancing social disadvantages. The Roman Catholic priest of the last generation lived, on the whole, a fairly comfortable life. Long habits of accommodation had trained him to pare down the obnoxious features of his creed to the lowest possible point; he was on good terms with his Protestant neighbours; he dined occasionally with the squire, and exchanged bows with the rector; and, where Whig influence was strong, he rose, in the years immediately following 1829, to something like positive popularity. When Roman Catholicism once more became formidable in the eyes of a Protestant public, all this underwent a change. The concessions which had been willingly accorded to a beaten and disarmed enemy were promptly withdrawn from him as soon as he showed signs of renewed life. But though the change of tone might imply a compliment to the Roman Catholic body, it also implied considerable inconvenience to individual members of it; and the older priests, who regard the Anglican converts as being at the bottom of the mischief, have always viewed them in consequence with a good deal of subdued dislike. They will admit that they have brought a certain accession of dignity to the Church, but they charge them with having introduced at the same time a large amount of discomfort. Something of the same sentiment is entertained, though on different grounds, by many Irish priests in this country who have the charge of large and poor congregations. With these the feeling is analogous to that with which a Protestant clergyman who finds it impossible to get his parish charities supported hears of the money which is spent in the maintenance of foreign missions; and they will tell you frankly that till their own people are better cared for they see little good in adding to their numbers by conversions. Then, again, much of the dislike to converts which is so generally attributed to old Catholics is, in reality, a dislike to a particular type of theological teaching. "Old," when used in this collocation, is an ambiguous term. It may mean either that the persons to whom it is applied are Roman Catholics by birth, or simply that they belong to a former generation. Now, if by "old Catholics" we mean the latter class, there is a good deal of truth in the prevalent Protestant view. The steady-going priest or layman, whose theory of belief was constructed some forty years ago, regards his more active and more fanatical successors with much of the distrust which an old High and Dry rector feels towards the young Tractarian incumbent of a neighbouring parish. But he will do this equally whether he is a member of a Roman Catholic family or became a convert before the movement of 1833; and, therefore, feelings of this kind cannot properly be classed among those of which we have been speaking.

It is true, indeed, that converts, as such, are not usually held in very high estimation at Rome. They must be encouraged to come over for their own sakes; but when they are received they must be humbled, and taught to know their place, to hold their tongues, and not to presume to be critical in things too high for them. And the more submissive among them are content to take their cue in this respect from Rome. They have a Scriptural sense of their own unworthiness; they judge themselves, in the trembling hope that they will thus escape being judged; and they speedily learn that the only way to do this is to adopt the most extreme tenets of the Romanizing faction in the Church. They must do at Rome not only as, but a little more than, the Romans do. And side by side with this new line of thought there grows up in converts of this type an intense contempt for those of their co-religionists who decline to follow them in their altered course. But in this instance also the contempt is

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equally displayed towards their fellow seceders as towards old Catholics; nay, we may go further, and say that it is even more displayed towards the former, for the simple reason that their generally higher standard of intellect and education has tended to give them a greater solidity and independence of view. The Romanizing converts seem in many cases to take a positive pleasure in proclaiming that they cannot expect to be as good as those who have always been within the pale of the Church, more especially if the latter have escaped the misfortune of being Englishmen. They profess to be sensible that there is something wanting in themselves; they admit that there is a certain keenness of spiritual discernment, a certain instinct of spiritual caution, which can only be attained by those who have breathed the air of the sanctuary from their birth. Some years ago Dr. Manning was accustomed to recognise this defect in himself, though Papal favour has probably by this time acted as a tonic to his undue self-abasement, and it is to the recognition of it, by others, in Dr. Newman that we must attribute the violent animosity excited by his educational schemes, whether recently at Oxford, or at Dublin some years ago.

Notwithstanding, therefore, the apparent inconsistency, the news of Dr. Manning's appointment to the Archbishopric of Westminster—his gorgeous consecration to that dignity has enlivened the dullness of the week's newspapers—was probably received with as much distaste by men who had been his contemporaries in the Church of England, and who had preceded or followed him to Rome, as by any other section of the Roman Catholic laity. With the clergy his elevation could hardly be popular. They had been irritated by the groundless deprivation and continued censure of Archbishop Errington; and the Chapter of Westminster, in particular, were so keenly alive to the Papal injustice that even the influence of Dr. Manning himself, which is said to have been personally exerted at the election, could not prevent them from heading their list with the name of the deprived condutor. But Dr. Manning himself had very special claims on the favour of the Holy See. For some years back he has devoted himself with singular assiduity to strengthening his influence at Rome. He appeals by different sides of his character to the two chief schools of opinion which are alternately uppermost in the Papal Court. His success in making converts, his fame as a preacher, and a certain asceticism of manner and appearance, have won the hearts of the more pious. His extreme views on the temporal power, and his reputation for dexterity and clever management, have secured him the good opinion of those of the Cardinals whose province lies rather among the things of this world than among those of the next. Thus he is equally trusted by the Pope and by Cardinal Antonelli. The spiritual vanity of the one is flattered by the ingenuity with which the new Archbishop has elevated the temporal power almost into an article of faith; the practical mind of the other is satisfied by the comfortable certainty that this important interest will occupy as large a place in the Archbishop's sermons as the Creeds, the Ten Commandments, or the Sermon on the Mount. For this is now the one end to which all the efforts of the Roman Court are directed. To make Catholics throughout the world of one mind upon this point—to give them unity, and organization, and readiness to answer to the least touch of the Roman whip—is more important in the eyes of the Papal advisers than all other things put together. Obedience is better than sacrifice, and to secure this they would gladly postpone all thought of the interests of the English Roman Catholics to some distant and uncareful future. They would, therefore, support any Government which would throw the weight of English influence, however indirectly, on the side of the temporal power, even though that Government were to insist upon retaining every remnant of Roman Catholic disabilities in England, and were to make its rule in Ireland a synonym for Orange predominance. The consolidation of the English Romanists in order to make their Parliamentary influence greater, and thereby to control, at least negatively, the foreign policy of a Tory Cabinet—this we believe to be one of the main ends which the Court of Rome had in view in its election of Cardinal Wiseman's successor. We do not question that Dr. Manning is admirably fitted to justify the expectations which are entertained of him; but, fortunately, his success would imply an absence of independent thought in the whole Anglo-Roman community of which, judging by the symptoms that they have hitherto displayed, it would be wholly unfair to suspect them.

THE COST OF A UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

A RATHER attenuated kind of correspondence has, for some reason or other, been lately admitted into the columns of the *Times* upon the old theme of University expenses. It surely is a piece of reckless improvidence on the part of the leading journal to use up so early, and with such scanty effect, this favourite subject. After the elections, it will probably be hard to find padding for the daily papers, and, excepting perhaps the Social Evil, there is nothing about which newspaper correspondents can find so much to say. Most people who think it amusing or edifying to write to the *Times* simply for the sake of writing have either themselves been to college, or else, at least, they have University men among their relations. And it is astonishing how slender are the grounds on which people venture to pronounce opinions about Oxford and Cambridge, or, for that matter, about anything in the world. There can be no doubt

that it is very interesting to a great number of persons to know how much it actually costs to live at college and get a degree, and whether there is any reason for thinking that the cost might be so much lessened as to admit a larger number of very poor men. Even those who look with the greatest contempt on all the institutions of their country continue to pay respect to a good degree. Mr. Bright himself would, we should think, admit the existence of merit in a double-first or a senior wrangler. And there are one or two especial reasons at the present time why to have had a University education is a thing for which to be very thankful. The Church, for instance, is most unpleasantly infested with large swarms of so-called literates. Without going into any invidious details, it must be admitted that neither the culture, nor the temper, nor the manners of these new prophets tend to throw the old-fashioned Oxford or Cambridge parson into the shade. People who have been accustomed to Dr. Grantley cannot all at once become attached to Mr. Slope. The great and increasing prevalence of Slopes in the ecclesiastical world has sent graduates up to a premium. Then, besides the literate, there is the competition wallah. With a theological college on one side, and that new abomination, a Civil Service college, on the other, Trinity and Balliol, Oriel and St. John's, shine out with brighter radiance. The literate who has been brought up on a course of sectarian theology, and the Civil Service candidate who has been brought up in every known branch of science, and the history of the world from its infancy, and the language and literature of all the countries in the world, and every other subject of human knowledge, contrive between them to make a mere Oxford or Cambridge man appreciate the worth of his own system with peculiar satisfaction. And the world sees the difference with almost equal clearness. Scarcely anybody who could afford to send his son to the University, with the prospect of making such a moderate living as a University man can generally command afterwards, would think of sending him to a theological college, or to a local college belonging to the University of London, or to a crammer who calls himself an educationist and his house an institute.

The question of expense is one, therefore, of the highest interest to a great many persons. To a wealthy man it does not make much difference whether the *Times* is right in fixing a hundred a year as the cost of living at a University, or the correspondent who maintains that twice that sum would be a good deal nearer the mark. But, even of those whose sons go to college, a large majority are very far from being wealthy. A great proportion of the undergraduates who are up at any given time do not belong to the opulent classes at all, but to those for whom the difference of a hundred a year between the cost of two courses would be instantly decisive. On the whole, the recent abortive attempt to get up a sham controversy about University expenses has contained even fewer grains of truth and judgment than usual. In fact, the field of the controversy was scarcely marked out. The disputants omitted, as perhaps disputants generally do, to define their terms. The writer of the leading article probably meant one thing, and the correspondent meant another. If, under the head of University expenses, you include simply the amount of money which finds its way to the College bursar and the University chest, a hundred a year is, in ordinary cases, a very ample estimate. If, on the other hand, you mean the total annual expenditure of an economical and sensible man, two hundred a year is nearer the truth. No amount of discussion can really throw much new light upon the matter. It is not so many years since we were all thoroughly crammed with lists of prices, and items of college expenditure, and all manner of fancy averages and little financial schemes for enabling men to get a first-rate education for something less than it would take to teach a lad how to cut off a leg or to understand the technicalities of procedure in a Chancery suit. One or two little reforms were made, and it is now understood that in the best colleges at both Universities a man gets board, lodging, tuition, and all the rest at the most reasonable rate at which they can be provided. It may not be the case in all the colleges. It certainly is so in those of them which have acquired the highest reputation for turning out good men. It is always dangerous to attempt to fix with any accuracy the income which a man should have in order to live in a certain style; but at Oxford, at all events—and we presume no great modification would be necessary to make the same estimate apply to Cambridge—a lad can get on very well with a yearly allowance of somewhere between a hundred and seventy and two hundred a year. This supposes that he passes most of the vacation at home or with hospitable friends. There can be no doubt that a great many men manage to get through for a smaller sum than this. But then they sacrifice many of the advantages which are among the most characteristic and the most important that University life has to offer. They cannot afford extra tuition; they are pinched in their supply of books; and they cannot enter heartily into those pleasurable hospitalities which go almost as far as the *Ethics* to make University men what they are. All this is a serious drawback. To be able to get the best out of a University education a man should scarcely have less than the sum we have named; and if he is a sensible fellow, and his father can afford it, he will be all the better for another fifty or hundred a year. It may appear rather hard that so considerable an allowance as this should be required. And to people who have two or three sons to start in life, and a daughter or two to look after, and only a fair professional income, say a thousand a year, the allowance is considerable. But we must also take into account the large number of scholarships, exhibitions, and the like, which

are open to industry and merit at both Oxford and Cambridge. It is not too much to say that any lad with moderate ability and application may make sure of one of these useful prizes. It does not require either the intellectual power or the labour of a first-class man to get a scholarship worth fifty, sixty, or even eighty pounds a year. The amount of these endowments and their accessibility to boys of moderate talent is too often left out of sight in discussions upon the cost of University education.

Still it is of no use to shut our eyes to the fact that a University education is of the nature of a luxury. It never can be anything else. It must always remain more or less beyond the reach of all but the comparatively rich. The power of sending young men to Oxford and Cambridge can no more be universally or even widely possessed than capital can. It implies capital. It implies the ability to spare money for an investment. But why? Not because the colleges are extortionate, or Alma Mater a rapacious step-mother. Even if this were true, which it certainly is not, the comparative exclusiveness could be readily accounted for by other considerations. And if it were possible to keep a son three years at college for one-fourth of the sum now required, these considerations would be scarcely at all less powerful. The great objection which a poorish man has to the outlay is, that it produces nothing tangible, and apparently leads to nothing. If the seven or eight hundred pounds procured for his son the lucrative skill of a surgeon, or a solicitor, or a civil engineer, he could perhaps afford the money. But they do not. They only furnish a comparatively unremunerative knowledge, and improve a man's mental capacity. But general capacity in itself is unproductive. It should be accompanied by special and technical capacity, if it is to be the means of replacing the expended capital or procuring an income for its possessor. After the money has been spent at Oxford, more money is wanted still to pay fees to a pleader or to a hospital. Excepting the Church and tuition and a Government office, there is no means of making a living open to a man who has just taken his degree, without further delay and more spending of money. With these two exceptions, there is no profession from which a man can derive a decent income until he has devoted both money and time to the acquisition of some knowledge of its details and practice. This is, after all that can be said, the chief reason why a University education is too costly a luxury to be accessible to any but well-to-do people. A father knows that, if he sends a boy to a crammer, the boy will get an Indian appointment and be making his own living before he is two or three-and-twenty. If he makes him walk the hospitals and attend lectures, at two-and-twenty he has passed the College of Surgeons and is fully qualified to earn enough money to keep himself upon. He has learnt a craft, and can at once get an appointment either in the army, or on board ship, or at a provincial infirmary. This is a great point. And the same kind of consideration applies to some of the most opulent classes. A great merchant is naturally reluctant to allow the sons on whom will eventually fall the control of his business to lose so many available years before they begin to learn its very rudiments. Besides, there is the risk that, if they do not enter business until the character is formed, they may never be able to get the zeal and the steady sort of enthusiasm requisite for great successes in commerce, as in everything else. Instead of weak and vague talk about University expenses, it would be much better to examine whether some readjustment of the University system is not possible which would save, not money, but time. And there is a good deal of danger in meddling here; for, if lads either go to college when they are too young, or do not stay there long enough to have a chance of thoroughly drinking in the spirit of the place and its teaching, they might really just as well never go at all.

WHITSUNTIDE EXCURSIONS AND HOLIDAY-MAKING.

THE newspapers of the present week usually devote a column or two to what they call Whitsuntide amusements. Whether it was that the Derby Day anticipated and exhausted all the commonplaces of the smart pens which are wont to give us the chronicle and statistics of the visitors to Epping Forest and the Brompton Galleries, and which are in annual ecstasies at the edifying conduct of the "vast crowds" that throng Greenwich Park and the penny steamboats, we cannot say, but we have this year had less of this fine talk than usual. But, from what one sees, we should judge that the artisan in populous cities pent—we believe this is one of the stock phrases of penny-a-lining—must be very hard put to it to get either health, relaxation, or amusement out of the forms of holiday-making which appear to be most in vogue. First and foremost in popularity seem to be the excursion trains. The theory of the true Londoner's holiday is to wake early on Whit-Monday, and begin the day by singing and making melody in his heart to the tune of "Begone dull care," and then to rush off to green fields, flowing water, blue bells and cuckoos, admiring the beauties of nature and the sportive lambs with the partner and pledges of his affections, and returning with eve's folding star and the consciousness of a well-spent and happy day. This is the pastoral and idyl of the literary gentlemen, and it is as true to fact as that wonderful Christmas-tide—all plum-pudding, misletoe, holly, and the various domestic and social virtues—which we admire in the pages of the *Illustrated London News*. As a matter of fact, there are at the least half-a-million of London holiday-makers, and the proportion between holiday-makers and railroad excursionists

may be readily conjectured. The sight of a Whit-Monday cheap excursion hardly suggests the sense of keen enjoyment. A third-class carriage stuffed to overflowing, the windows blocked up with children, the combined odour of gin-flasks, beer-bottles, humanity in general, and puling infancy in particular, can scarcely be a healthy change even from the shopboard or the factory. The pace of the excursion train is not usually lively, and before many miles from London or Manchester are passed, the waste of the excursionist's spirits and nerves produces a corresponding drain of his flask. Jaded, half-stified, and half-muzzy, the happy London party reaches its Gravesend or Rye House, and a good sleep is perhaps the best, though not the most ordinary, staple of the long-coveted day of rural enjoyment. The contemplation of the beauties of nature resolves itself into a diligent pursuit of skittles and beer. Temper suffers when the day is, as last Monday was, insufferably hot, and the return voyage generally exhibits a dense mass of human suffering, wrangling, perspiring, or making night hideous with the classic strains of "Slap bang, here we are again." It may be fairly questioned whether a premeditated holiday ever confers much enjoyment. The sunny days of life are usually happy accidents, while picnics and lawn fêtes are as often failures as successes. Of course this is applying an ideal standard to an impossible case. The working-man cannot choose his hours of ease. His choice is bounded by Easter-Monday and Whit-Monday. He must either make holiday on the only possible days, or give up holidays altogether. All that we suggest is, that the means he selects for his enjoyment do not appear to be very promising, and that an excursion train seems to be the most cruel form of pleasure-seeking which modern taste has invented; and as we hear much in these days of the heavenly virtues of the working-man, and as a man's character is fairly enough shown by his tastes, we cannot say that Mr. Gladstone's clients shine in their holiday clothes. We should say that, as a matter of fact, the excursionist is only disgusted and worried by this sort of thing; if he does actually enjoy this sordid amusement, the worse for his character. Not that there is anything perhaps very novel in it. Merry England, in whatever its merriment consisted, had the character of amusing itself *moult tristement*, and it has not lost its character.

We have been speaking of the ordinary and prosaic character of Whit-Monday excursions. To do them only justice, the railway companies generally manage to import some dramatic incidents, which occasionally verge on the tragic, into the tame and humdrum affair of a thousand or fifteen hundred people seething in their own exhalations under a hot sun, and leisurely "progressing" at the rate of nine miles an hour. The Great Western Railway has of late resolved to retrieve its arrears of accidents. For many years it maintained a proud pre-eminence, as in many other things, so in the security of its passengers, and in the punctuality of its trains, and the excellent order of its official details. But for the last year or two all this has been changed, and changed for the worse. It is now probably among, if not first among, the worst-appointed lines in the kingdom. Poverty and failing dividends have brought in economical management with a flood. Scarcely a train ever reaches its destination with punctuality, and, if we may judge of the efficiency of the rolling-stock by the state of the shabby old snuff-coloured carriages, the whole concern must be on its last legs. The dust and dirt of twenty years slumbers in the stuffy frowzy cushions; the lining and oilcloth is usually patched and torn; the carpets are in rags; and paint and varnish are unknown. The second-class carriages on this line stand alone for discomfort and dirt, and the Great Western compels its victims to endure an amount of misery which, were it to be attempted in a penny omnibus, would be remedied by the police. But these are the minor miseries of the rail, which are as nothing compared with the feat of ingenuity—quite a novelty, we believe, in railway cruelty—which they have just perpetrated, and which has only killed, as yet, ten or twelve people, and maimed about half a hundred. A monster excursion train—for once the epithet bears a dreadful significance—was last Wednesday despatched on its return from Birkenhead to London *via* Birmingham. It reached Oswestry in safety, and passed the next station, Whittington—whether with or without stopping is not clear. Between Whittington and Rednall, a distance timed by ordinary trains at six or seven minutes, the train is said to have been going at forty miles an hour—a portentous speed for an excursion train, and one only to be explained by the necessity of making up an arrear of unpunctuality already amounting to an hour. This was the spot carefully prepared, by a scientific combination of circumstantial ingenuities, for the execution of a grand *tour des forces* in the way of a railway "accident" of the monster class. It being Whitsuntide, and the anticipated traffic being unusually great, this happy moment was selected for relaying the line, which had not been ballasted. There was not time for ballasting, so the rails were left to sway and plunge, and surge upwards, downwards, and sideways at their own sweet will, having no bed to steady them. This is the mildest and most favourable version of the cause of the "dreadful accident." For we dismiss as too monstrous the other account, that the platelayers had "omitted to replace the keys," and had taken no precaution to signal the dangerous and impassable condition of the road, such a wilful and deliberate compassing of murder being too incredible. Be this as it may, the rails were quite sufficiently loose; a train of thirty-two carriages, dragged by two powerful engines and speeding along at forty miles an hour, would try the very stiffest set of rails. With loose rails the monster result was easily obtained. The

whole train dashed off the line, the two engines pursuing opposite courses. Smash, collapse, a universal wreck and chaos of scattered timber, iron, human bones, human life, blood, fire, and destruction ensued. And, to complete the catastrophe, "there was no telegraphic communication" on this part of the line, and the distance between Rednall and Shrewsbury, whither the wounded had to be conveyed, is timed at thirty minutes.

After this it is almost by an anti-climax that we have to record a second and inferior performance on the Great Western line, which came off at midnight on the previous night, near Bristol. In this case, however, remarkable provisions for securing death or injury were attended to. There was a dense fog; the train was stopped; the driver thinking, but erroneously, that he had run over something on the line. While the train was stopping, a pursuing train was heard in the distance; the passengers implored to be let out. They were securely locked in; and the bold and self-confident *Palinurus*, hoping to get a-head, went on his way. But the laws of physical motion were against him. Greatly daring, he defied the laws of space and time. A train fairly settled in its gallop at forty miles an hour actually did overtake a train starting into its speed, and going at perhaps from six to ten miles an hour. A collision of course occurred, but fortunately with only a few broken limbs and a slaughtered horse; and even this *minimum* of destruction might have been averted had not the carriages been—illegally—locked. But the full significance of this petty "accident" can only be rightly appraised by those familiar with the management of the Great Western Railway. The train run into was what is known as the mail-train leaving London at 8.10, though it is only nominally a mail-train. It is a quick passenger through train, and often a very heavy one; but it does not convey the mails. The mails are despatched half an hour or thirty-five minutes later by a special train which only carries the mail vans, but no passengers at all. This was the train which ran into the 8.10 train, overtaking it a little on this side of Bristol. Of course the Great Western authorities will say that the interval of thirty-five minutes between the 8.10 quick train and the 8.45 mail-train is amply sufficient for all purposes of security. But the 8.45 is always a hare, and the 8.10 may be, as on Tuesday night it was, a tortoise. Theoretically, the mail ought not to overtake the passengers in the whole run to Penzance of 326 miles; practically, it did overtake it in 113 miles. Indeed no one can have watched the dangerously brief interval which occasionally, and even much nearer to London than Bristol, separates the nominal mail-train (8.10) and the real mail-train (8.45) without serious misgivings, which have at last been realized. We should like, if we could, to reassure Great Western Railway passengers. The 8.10 train is a popular one. It runs right through to Penzance in an agreeably short time. In these hot summer nights the journey is a pleasant one. If we are bound for the warm West we shall perhaps select this particular train. But grim fate is behind us; the best-appointed and most lightly equipped train on the line, conveying no passengers at all, an express among expresses, is never more than thirty-five minutes, and may be less than five minutes, from our haunches. True, for years, there has been no overlapping; but the pitcher has gone to the well once too often. And in the annals of the rail the performances of the Great Western at Whitsuntide 1865 will not soon be forgotten.

A LOVER'S CONFIDENCES.

FROM the time of Horace's *Xanthias* down to our own day men have had a knack of falling in love with their servants. Achilles was consumed with passion for Briseis; Tecmessa's beauty moved the manly breast of Ajax; Agamemnon was inflamed by the charms of Cassandra; and now Mr. Benjamin Riley of Desborough has conceived an ardent love for Mary Ann Paine. As a general rule, when this sort of thing happens, the enamoured lover takes the public as little into his confidence as possible. He rather shuns the busy hum of men and cities, and seeks in the society of his charmer that consolatory sympathy which is denied by the mercenary and unfeeling multitude. Our new *Xanthias*, inspired by a lofty moral courage, resolves to face the world and defy the cynics. His conduct is, indeed, open to a more prosaic explanation. The long and elaborate letter which he has addressed "to the inhabitants of Desborough" may possibly be the result of a nervous susceptibility to public opinion, and of a timorous desire to conciliate the outraged prejudices of his neighbours. However that may be, Mr. Benjamin Riley is no ordinary man. One who thinks it necessary to publish in the county paper a full and accurate exposition of his feelings towards his Mary Ann, and to solicit the approval of his townsmen for the proceedings to which his feelings have committed him, may be either an uncommon fool or an uncommon philosopher, but it is certain that he is something uncommon. The composition itself is delicious—so elevated in tone and yet so becomingly modest, so broad in principle and yet so minute in detail. There is an air of winning trustfulness about it that is truly touching in a brazen age. "No doubt," Mr. Riley begins, "I have surprised you by my late matrimonial engagement to Mary Ann Paine, a young woman lately of my own factory. At first sight this appears extraordinary, foolish, and unwise." The eyes of Desborough are fixed on Mr. Riley, he is conscious; he is conscious, too, that his conduct appears extraordinary and foolish to the cynical Desboroughites. He even makes an admission. "Of course, to unite myself to this young woman now would be very foolish indeed; I having been favoured with a good education and cultivation,

she an uncultured factory girl." The grammatical construction is scarcely up to the mark of good education, but the sense is obvious. Mr. Riley is a very fine fellow, and it is wonderfully condescending in him to bestow his cultivated affections on poor Mary Ann. Still, self-respect constrains our graceful suitor to admit that Mary Ann has her good points—good, though a little vague. "Nevertheless, she has been faithful in those duties God gave her to perform in her sphere of life." But the sphere is too narrow. "You perceive I, with God's blessing, propose to elevate her to a higher position." The candle must be taken from under the bushel, and set on the high hill of matrimony and culture and Riley combined. Perceiving this, "you will grant that by this elevation, if she uses the talents well which I propose she shall obtain, she will become a much more useful member of society than if she had been united to a working-man." Digressing for a moment, our friend leaves these lofty considerations and becomes temporarily introspective. "I became deeply attached to this young woman; that attachment has since continued"; and then he adds, with profound skill in psychological analysis, "My attachment to her is not a mere animal passion." Mr. Riley understands the Socratic precept, and knows himself. He can confidently declare that he was prompted by no animal passion, but by "esteem and respect, and the value hereafter, with God's blessing, we shall be to each other." The repetition of the phrase within a dozen lines might make the sceptical suppose that "with God's blessing" is a common form in Mr. Riley's mouth. However, he soon comes to business, and reveals to the curious world of Desborough what he calls "the terms of our engagement."

These terms are "numerous, and are placed before her in an extensive correspondence on my part." They are all on one side, for reasons too plain to need stating. "For the present it must be obvious that she can do no more than follow my directions implicitly, for it is not the uncultivated factory girl but the moderately cultivated young lady of the future I design uniting myself to." Without knowing it, Mr. Riley holds the Positivist doctrine of the preposterousness of allowing the foolish to make laws for the wise. We can only hope that he will take the precaution of having his terms and laws specifically set forth, and agreed to, and signed and sealed by the uncultured factory girl, lest the young lady of the future should prove contumacious. It is just possible that increased cultivation may not bring along with it increased reverence for Mr. Benjamin Riley. The only specific term which Mr. Riley favours us with is that "she is to visit her family as often as she pleases, but it is understood they are not to visit her unless asked." Meanwhile Mr. Riley wishes her to see that "Desborough is only a small portion of the world." In order to fill her mind with other ideas, she passed through London and also through a large railway station in the south of Worthing, on the sea coast, under the charge of our kind friends, Rev. S. Drakeford and Mrs. Drakeford. Henceforth, therefore, Mary Ann will be aware that besides Desborough the globe contains London and a large railway station. She is now living in a home where "she will get a little initiated into the habits and manners of middle-class life." Her devoted suitor bears the painful parting with the resignation of a philosopher and a Christian. "I do not suppose I shall see her for a few months to come, not till she gets a little grounded in general information and becomes moderately refined." Yet she will not be left without sweet solace. "She will have a very voluminous correspondence from myself." Delightful! Blessed is Mary Ann Paine among women! First, she has "an extensive correspondence," settling the terms; then she is soothed by a "very voluminous correspondence" on things in general. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown, or that Riley delighteth to honour. During these few months, besides reading and digesting her future lord's epistles, the young lady of the future "will have to learn to play fairly on the harmonium, also to read the French language with ease, to write it fairly, and to speak it with tolerable fluency." As the philosophic lover complacently observes, "You see she has her work before her, though of a different nature to what she has been used to." She will not be left unaided. Her guide, philosopher, patron, and lover has advertised for "a lady, a member of a Christian Church, to instruct in various branches of useful knowledge a young lady whose education has been neglected." The terms are announced as liberal, and Mr. Riley is now perplexed by no less than nine applications for the post of "talking charge of my intended, and giving her the necessary information to render her well informed, besides getting her into a way of speaking with correctness in whatever society she may be taken." The composition of this beautiful paragraph would in itself have proved, even if the writer had not already told us, that he has been "favoured with good education and cultivation." "With so much preparation on my intended's part, I do not think it likely that the wedding can take place before May, 1866." Some base fiend, in human shape or otherwise, seems to have suggested to Mr. Riley that the young lady might become so fearfully bored by the correspondence, and the French, and the harmonium, as to throw off his silken fetters. Mr. Riley repels the insinuation with grave dignity. "We are both sufficiently well known among you to satisfy you that now we have given each other the word we consider it solemnly binding." "You will think I am placing great confidence in this young woman; I have my reasons for so doing, which reasons, however, I shall not state here." This silence upon the reasons for his confidence is rather disappointing. And it is inconsistent. If the public are

thus generously taken into council, the whole of the materials for a judgment ought surely to be laid before them. But towards the conclusion of his tremendous manifesto the writer waxes more defiant. He perhaps suspects that the public approval which he is so eager to win over to himself may not be too readily given, and so he comes to exhibit the recklessness of despair. "A copy of the *Free Press* which contains this address to you will be forwarded to each of my relations and friends, as what I do I do openly, and leave the world to say what they like." But the concluding sentence leads us to infer that Mr. Riley speedily came to a better mind, and resumed his habitual respect for the world; and it indicates an exalted conception of public duty at which few men have arrived. "I have now placed this matter in its proper light before you; whether I have misplaced my confidence the future must give the answer both to myself, my relations, my friends, and to you the inhabitants of my intended native village." We all know that marriage is a very solemn and responsible undertaking, but it is something new to make one answerable to one's native place or its inhabitants. It seems a return to the old notions which always looked at man in his relation to the State. Mr. Riley is a citizen of Desborough, and he does not think it right to take any step in private life without vindicating it before his fellow-citizens. The dividing line between private and public concerns has been erroneously drawn. We ought to fulfil the Apostolic injunction, that every man should look not on his own things, but every man also on the things of others. The practical application of Mr. Riley's theory may have its inconveniences. Still he has the satisfaction of knowing that, whatever may come, he has discharged his public duty. He is going to marry, and he has told the world all about it. If things turn out wrong, why it is not his fault. All we regret is that the photograph of the being who could stir up such profound emotion in so many a bosom is not more generally accessible.

It would be exceedingly interesting to know the precise sentiments of "this young woman," as Mr. Riley gallantly styles his future bride. Does she bear the blushing honours of her approaching elevation with modesty, or has she given way to extravagant elation? Surely she too owes an explanation to the inhabitants of her native village. It is possible she may feel a stolid indifference to the blessedness of her fate. The author of *Sandford and Merton*, as everybody knows, took two little girls, twelve years old, out of a foundling hospital, with the intention of training one of them up to be his wife. He soon struck out one as quite hopeless, and the other speedily developed a flippancy of character that utterly revolted her sublime patron. *Adieu omen.* May Mr. Benjamin Riley's young woman prepare herself faithfully for "the value hereafter, with God's blessing, they will be to each other." So modest and sensible a man ought to be rewarded. We trust he will be as candid in telling us something of the future as he has been about the past. His post-nuptial experiences, if disclosed in the same delightfully frank spirit, will be perfectly invaluable.

THE OAKS.

ON entering the paddock one of the first of the Oaks fillies to meet the eye was Regalia, and on leaving the paddock nothing had been seen on which the eye rested with greater pleasure. As this filly shows great power as well as symmetry, it was confidently anticipated by observers that she would do a good thing some day, but they scarcely ventured to suppose that the day had then actually come. Here is a daughter of Stockwell, chestnut in colour, with a white face, who seems to some eyes to be a very good model of a racer. It might be thought that Regalia's appearance justified backing her for the Oaks, but a son of Stockwell, who might be described in nearly the same terms as she has been, was made second favourite for the Derby with such results as his backers will not soon forget. Therefore let us wait and see whether good looks go for anything in the Oaks. On Wednesday, when we encountered the Whitewall string in the paddock, it was scarcely necessary to expend words in saying that John Scott's lot of colts, having done badly for the Two Thousand Guineas, did not promise to do any better for the Derby. But it is pleasant to observe that the veteran trainer is in great force with fillies. Here is, as usual, James Perren on his cob, followed by Lord Glasgow's pair, of whom the Sister to General Peel is immediately recognised by her likeness to her famous brother, and White Duck by her peculiar roan colour. White Duck, as she walks, seems as nearly as possible perfection. The Sister to General Peel looks capable of great improvement, and one is almost tempted to hope that she may mature into a worthy opponent of Gladiateur in the St. Leger. But critics say that she will want another year to come to her best form. Taking her by looks alone, Lord Glasgow is likely to possess in her, when her time comes, as fine a mare as ever was stripped. Although General Peel himself is not in the paddock, he has been brought from Malton to Scott's usual quarters near Leatherhead, and if he goes on well he will be worth looking at when he shows at Ascot. The third of Scott's string was Lord Falmouth's Celerrima, who hardly supports comparison with Lord Glasgow's pair. It was remarked on the Derby day that John Scott and John Day competed as to which could make the poorer show. But now they almost divide between them the honours of the paddock. The Duke of Beaufort's Siberia receives quite as much admiration as White Duck, and deserves it equally. We should take these two fillies, along with Regalia, as the pick of the whole lot. Wild

Agnes, who is walking near, commands attention by her great performances of last year, during which she started for ten races and won nine of them. But a doubt has been raised whether, although she was so good at a short spin, she will stay the distance under the Oaks weight. Nevertheless it would be a great mistake to undervalue the pretensions of Wild Agnes. Baron Rothschild's pair, Zephyr and Amber, have many admirers, and Zephyr, who is the best of them, was even fancied for the Derby. Putting White Duck, Siberia, and Regalia as equals in the first place, we should be disposed to award the second place to Wild Agnes and Zephyr. The rest of the Oaks fillies do not call for particular remark, but we think that, on the whole, they satisfied the eye better than did the Derby colts.

Heavy rain had fallen during Thursday night, and it began to rain again before the Oaks was run for, so that the ground had become heavy, which perhaps rather improved Regalia's chance, while it damaged the chances of the favourites. She won the Oaks even more easily than Gladiateur won the Derby; and although she took more time to win, it must be remembered that she ran in dirt, and the French horse in dust. It was satisfactory to find that in the Oaks good looks do go for something, and there is no reason to doubt that Regalia, who is in the St. Leger, will run well for it. This filly was bred by Mr. Cookson, at the same establishment which sent to auction at Doncaster in former years Kettledrum and Dundee. Bedminster was bred at the same stud-farm and sold at the same auction as Regalia, but he has not turned out so well. It is remarkable that Regalia was ridden by Norman, who rode her sire, Stockwell, when he won the St. Leger in 1852.

The Oaks day does not, like the Derby day, depend solely upon one great race for its interest. The entry for the Great Surrey Foal Stakes usually comprises some of the prominent Derby horses. Two years ago Lord Clifden, carrying 6 lbs. penalty, had to do about all he could to get out of the way of the French horse Jarnicoton. It was not thought worth while to start Gladiateur this year under 12 lbs. penalty, although he was entered for this race, but Le Mandarin did start for it and was made favourite. However, our French friends were not to win everything, for Le Mandarin was absolutely last, and considering that he had run second in the French Derby on Sunday, and had run to serve Gladiateur in the English Derby on Wednesday, this was not surprising. The winner, Olmar, is one of the neatest horses as well as one of the best goers that started for the Derby, but it had been agreed some time ago that there was not quite enough of him to win the great race. His two-year-old career had been long and various, particularly on the race-courses of the North; and he had the honour of beating, at York, Gontran, winner of the French Derby, and Wild Agnes, both of whom, however, gave him weight. He was ridden as usual by James Snowden, who is so well known in connection with Blair Athol, and a more careful as well as resolute jockey does not ride. However, the best performers fail sometimes. Snowden took matters rather too easily, and so Custance was just able to bring the roarer Jack o' Lantern up with a rush in the last few strides and make a dead-heat of it. This, at least, was the opinion of some observers; but others, as always happens in such cases, expressed exactly the opposite opinion. "If," said somebody, "Custance had come a little sooner he would have won." The remark would have sounded perfectly correct if for "Custance" had been substituted "Snowden." Happily this controversy, unlike some others, admits of being brought to an immediate and decisive test. The dead-heat is to be run off after the last race on the card, and, strange to say, they are betting odds on Jack o' Lantern. However, it turned out that it was not Olmar's friends who were mistaken, for he came right away from the post, and never giving the roarer a chance, he won in a canter by six lengths.

The Ascot Meeting will afford opportunities to some of the horses beaten in the Derby to retrieve, if they can, their characters. There is almost always the same story, after every Derby, of a scrimmage in which the chances of two or three favourites are alleged to have been destroyed. The course is excellently suited to test the quality of a good horse, and also to give a bad horse an opportunity, amid a large field, of spoiling the hopes which he does not share. Every year we see horses start which seem to be useful for no purpose except getting in the way. Wild Charley was knocked almost off his legs, and his jockey thereupon ceased to try with him. The race, therefore, afforded no test of his capability, and if he has not sustained serious injury he may run well another day. Archimedes was partaker in the same scrimmage, but Gladiateur suffered by it as much as any horse except Wild Charley, and the difficulties under which the race was won render the winner's superiority to all his opponents incontestable. It appears that Mr. Chaplin is so dissatisfied with the running of his horses that he has determined to remove them from Malton to the Sussex Downs. One feels difficulty in believing that Breadalbane's performance in the Derby can be his best, because, although a good deal of the merit discovered in him beforehand may have been imaginary, he is not the absolute duffer that his enemies now allege. It seems odd that the same eyes should pick out of a lot of horses in the paddock Breadalbane on Wednesday, and Regalia on Friday, as models of what a horse should be, and that one should prove an impostor and the other winner of the Oaks. As some observers of the Derby have gone into ecstasies about Gladiateur's beauty, it may be useful to refer to the descriptions which have been published by other and more careful observers of his

"plain head" and "ragged hips." There was, however, no difference of opinion among competent critics as to the horse's wonderful power and fitness for the work before him. He had made vast improvement between the Two Thousand and the Derby. We will quote for the benefit of our French friends the English proverb that "handsome is that handsome does"; and with this introduction we will venture to remark that their cracks have been much more distinguished for speed and stoutness than for personal charms. Fille de l'Air is no great beauty, and La Touques is rather conspicuously the contrary. A note made at the starting-post of the Derby, but which was suppressed last week for fear it might look ill-natured, was to the effect that "here Gladiateur shoved out his ugly head" from the line of starters. After all, it must be owned that current ideas of equine beauty are derived from winners of the Derby and St. Leger; and if Gladiateur fulfils his present promise, not only his head and hips, but also his enlarged fetlock, may become fashionable. But until this correction of popular ideas shall be completed, the type which was embodied in such horses as The Marquis, Macaroni, and Scottish Chief will continue to command admirers. It would be disrespectful to the winner of the Derby to describe him in slang phrase as "a rum one to look at and a good one to go." People only take such liberties of language in speaking of special favourites, such as Caller Ou, who won the great autumn race, which the French horse has still to win. Fortune was as unkind at Epsom to Caller Ou as to the other members of the same distinguished family, for the day after Breadalbane's failure she got badly beaten for the Queen's Plate. The admirers of Gladiateur's beauty had better modify their notions by taking a look at General Peel when he starts for the Ascot Cup.

THE DOG SHOW.

THE show of deerhounds at the Agricultural Hall was not very imposing. The first prize for dogs was taken by Alder, who must be able by this time to make himself at home at Islington. Considering that he can scarcely have improved from seven to eight years of age, it seems an inevitable conclusion that there must be some falling off in his competitors. Still it is not to be denied that Alder is a noble specimen of his breed. The female class only contained three animals, who received among them a first and a third, but no second prize. This class has been in much greater force in former years. The show of bloodhounds was both small and poor, but it may be remembered that when the classes have been larger they have included several dogs whose pretensions to prizes, or even to be placed in the classes, have appeared questionable. It is always difficult to maintain the standard of a breed of dogs which are chiefly kept for ornament. The scenting power of the bloodhound of the present day is stated by some observers not to be greatly superior to that of other hounds, and to fall far short of that unerring faculty which was ascribed to this dog in former times. It has been suggested that a practical value might be given to this breed of dogs by using them occasionally for police purposes. They do not, as is popularly supposed, tear in pieces, nor even touch, the human game which nature has fitted them to pursue, but they are capable of showing the road between the scene of a night's exploit in a pheasant-cover and the day-lair of a gang of poachers. There would, however, be this practical difficulty in the way of using them, that poachers might be discovered, but could hardly be convicted, upon their testimony; for, although a well-bred bloodhound looks as wise as a judge upon the bench, it may be doubted whether the judge would receive his evidence. The "pure-bred South American slavehound" which was exhibited among the class of Foreign Hounds may be compared with our English bloodhounds. He is a large black dog, not remarkable in any way, and particularly not for that ferocity which would be expected by those who derive their notions from popular pictures of slave-hunts. He does not seem very fast, nor need he be, considering the pace at which both game and hunters must necessarily move. There are no means of testing his scenting power, but it is probably sufficient for the purpose, seeing that even philanthropists prefer to approach a nigger from the windward side. The show of mastiffs was small, but it comprised some good specimens, who will contribute more in after years to keep up the character of English dogs than any quantity of the big slovenly animals that are sometimes exhibited. The mastiff is an English dog, and the Newfoundland, if genuine, is not; but at all these shows the latter class far outnumbers the former, although the character of the mastiff makes him preferable, as a companion of man, to the Newfoundland.

This show displayed no such conspicuous feature as the Duke of Beaufort's pack of foxhounds which were exhibited two years ago. The whole class of foxhounds was perhaps rather inferior to what had been seen before. Our old friend Sailor, of the New Forest pack, got the first prize as a stud-dog, and we cannot help fancying that, as in the case of Alder among the deerhounds, there have been years in which this worthy animal would have been over-matched. There are twenty-one specimens of greyhounds, and if it be true, as has been stated, that twenty thousand of this kind of dog exist in England, it may be doubted whether all the classes into which this breed is subdivided had representatives at Islington. The elaborate treatise which *Stonchenge* has lately republished upon the greyhound shows the sur-

prising extent to which the science of breeding and running this dog has been carried. That treatise teaches, among other things, that for public coursing it is a disadvantage to have dogs too sagacious, and indeed some breeders have gone so far as to cross for stupidity. There are, however, other classes of dogs which can scarcely have too much intelligence, and it seems, therefore, a great improvement to try pointers and setters for prizes in the field instead of merely inspecting them in a building. We observe, in the table of points gained, that that distinguished dog Ranger has suffered the same fate which sometimes befalls those who, as years advance, attain distinction and consequent prosperity by work done upon two legs. He is remarked upon as "too fat to do himself justice," and he "potters," and can only score 70 points out of 100. The pointers were, on the whole, good, and the setters very good indeed. The spaniels did not give equal satisfaction, and in particular the Clumbers contrasted unfavourably with what have been shown in former years. After all, perhaps, the wonder is that so many valuable dogs should be sent long distances, and exposed to the risks and discomfort of an exhibition. To the classes of dogs which are bred in and near London, the Show offers probably as comfortable quarters as many of them find at home, and, besides, their owners are glad of the opportunity of advertising.

Some people say that the bulldog is ugly, which depends on taste; and others say that he is savage, which raises a question of fact. Writers of authority tell us that the bulldog may be approached by strangers with far greater impunity than most other dogs; and probably the experience of visitors to dog shows will confirm this statement. To his master, if not to casual acquaintances, the bulldog shows himself intelligent and docile, and his courage and pertinacity are admitted even by those who consider his appearance and manners unprepossessing. A useful little work on dogs by John Meyrick states that "the bulldog is without exception the boldest animal in the whole world." Whether it be in dogs or men, courage is a quality for which science has hitherto contrived no substitute; and any breed of animals eminently gifted with that quality deserves careful preservation. We venture, therefore, to present the bulldogs exhibited at Islington as a subject of interesting study even to elegant and aristocratic visitors. "If," says the writer already quoted, "the pure breed is allowed to degenerate, we lose our chief means of infusing fresh strength and courage into other races." It will be admitted even by those who consider the bulldog vulgar that the greyhound is a noble and graceful animal, and yet it is an unquestionable fact that a cross with the bulldog has greatly improved the greyhound. The wonder is that the care of this valuable breed should have been allowed to fall so far as it has into the hands of the class of dog-fanciers who frequent sporting public-houses. One hears that the purest breeds of mastiffs, deerhounds, and even spaniels are preserved at the country seats of noblemen, or of commoners who look down upon nobility; but the pure-bred bulldog, who is an animal of at least equal national value, must be sought at convivial meetings in Shoreditch or Long Acre, where an eminent prizefighter takes the chair, and "harmony is the order of the evening." Whether or not the pugilist has improved in manners and character by intercourse with the bulldog may be doubtful, but it is certain that the bulldog has not deteriorated by intercourse with the pugilist. Nevertheless, it is manifest from inspection of the pedigree of Uncle Tom, who, by general consent, is a more perfect bulldog than those who take the prizes for the class, that this animal has not enjoyed to any considerable extent the advantages of good society. A pair of ancestors of Uncle Tom were Brutus, "the shortest-faced dog in England," and Mogg, sister to Ned Clark's Daisy. The parents of the short-faced hero were Mars and Joe Phelps' Bully. This word "bully" will appear tolerably suitable as a name for the female sex, if it be remembered that in the American, if not the English, language it is an adjective nearly equivalent to "jolly." But a little doubt is thrown upon this explanation of the name by observing that the mother of Mars was Mr. Bully's Venom. Perhaps Mr. Bully was godfather to the animal which bore his name. Confusion is apt to be created in a pedigree by this practice of giving the names of men to dogs, particularly when it may be conceived as possible, as in the case of "Jem Burn's Old Cribb," that the dog was a good deal like the man. It was stated in a daily newspaper that the pedigree of Uncle Tom went back to "the celebrated Cribb," but, from the cause already mentioned, readers felt some uncertainty whether the Cribb in question was a prizefighter or a bulldog.

Having regard to the comfort of the dogs—not to mention that of the inhabitants of Islington—we cannot say that the Show did not last long enough, although it was only open four days, and closed on Tuesday evening last. We do not doubt that there are excellent reasons for opening this show on the Oaks day, and, as a matter of curiosity, we should very much like to know what those reasons are. There are probably some persons, but not many, who consider the Waterloo Cup a more interesting event than the Oaks, but even those persons might be expected to prefer horses running to greyhounds standing still. There was a decrease of 200 in the entries for the Show, as compared with last year, and this is rather an improvement; for dogs have been exhibited in former years who could have come for no useful purpose, unless it were to be made into pies for the visitors' luncheon.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

(Fourth Notice.)

A STRICT observance of the rule to notice only works which rise above the average level, or display evidence of new aims on the artist's part, would confine our criticism on Portraiture within narrow limits. Men here crystallize early, and, if they keep to this branch of the art, seldom exhibit any development except a too often increasing want of care and variety. Something of this is due to the monotony of the work; the proper study of man may be man, but not man (we presume) stereotyped in a studio chair. More evil also must arise from that want of training in the figure under which most of our painters labour, and which, when once the lucrative tide of portrait popularity has set in, leaves as little time for the Academician to make himself a thorough artist as, it may be feared, to recognise that he has perhaps never yet been one. Add to these depressing causes that in England the art of Reynolds and Gainsborough—imperfect in some respects, though exquisite in everything—pitched the key for our portraiture, which has gone down through gradations of flimsiness, want of ease, want of drawing, and want of force, until some such determined protest as that which Mr. Holman Hunt has just made in the able group now exhibited in Hanover Street under the name of "The Children's Holiday," becomes necessary to redeem the style from total decadence. Mr. F. Grant and Mr. Knight may be regarded as good typical examples of a manner which, whatever ability may be assigned to, or may once have been shown by, the artists, still appears to be a thoroughly false direction. Mr. Swinton, Mr. Hart, and Mr. Buckner belong to lower stages. Something different, if not better, is aimed at by Mr. G. Richmond; but here long practice in water-colours would alone have been a serious impediment to success in oils, whilst want of power over figure-drawing becomes unavoidably more detrimental in life-size work. These defects come saliently forward when, as in the sketch exhibited of an Indian Princess (207), a thin and garish colouring, which in the flesh is laid on in lines, not in masses, suggests by contrast what might have been made of so naturally rich a subject. Even the jewels here look like cheap glass imitations. The forms are also weak—a defect which reappears, with cruder colour, in the portrait of the Bishop of Oxford, whose versatile and intellectual features have been very poorly grasped. This has been described as an "idealized treatment" in contemporary criticism—a use of the word from which we would venture to dissent altogether. "Idealized" is simply that which most deeply and essentially renders the idea of the thing represented—strength where the man is strong, ambition where he is ambitious—which makes him subtle if subtlety be the leading quality, and so forth. To take a powerful head, and render it with weak features and expression, so far from "idealizing," is rather to miss the idea. Mr. Weigall is the rising artist in the field which the above-mentioned portrait-painters have so long occupied. Tolerable in its way, and not yet or not often so mechanical as success generally renders fashionable portraiture, there is little promise in his work—none of the real struggle to improve which Mr. Sant and Mr. Wells, with varying but visible success, exhibit. The latter artist sends an elaborate group of portraits in action, three girls making up a *tableau vivant*. With much merit, the difficulty here (a difficulty which has foiled many artists) is, on the whole, rather turned than conquered.

Mr. Boxall, by his thoughtful grace and truthful air of character, rises above the average level, wanting only more force and decision in colour and expression to take the place which he seems always to approach without quite attaining. The heads he now sends are good specimens of his style. Two portraits by Mr. Robertson (246 and 319), which have the look of good drawing, life-likeness, and cold colour, are hung beyond range of sight. A delicately painted girl's head, by Mr. Poynter (335), and the spirited "Mr. Bowman," by Mr. Watts, have properly gained accessible places. The animation and brightness of the latter head deserved more careful drawing in the dress; and what does the treacle-brown shadow upon the left cheek stand for?

Three artists, Messrs. Ercole, Baccani, and Lowenthal, send portraits which all point to the great advantage of that foreign training in art to which reference has been made. This gives to work which, like that of these painters, may possess no marked power, an air of style; nor, we imagine, can that often-discussed quality be otherwise obtained. The excess of such training, on the other hand, appears in the smooth finish of M. Lehmann's "Girl with a Distaff" (9). Thus art, like morality in Aristotle's scheme, lies in a mean between opposing errors; but, whether it be hard or not to preserve this middle course, art will only be good when it is preserved.

The present time will probably be looked on in future years as the nadir of English sculpture, just as the lowest point of our imaginative poetry is assigned by Mr. Hallam to the reign of William and Mary. Perhaps, to the patrons of that age, ignorance or personal acquaintance may have represented Blackmore or Fenton as great poets, as Garth was put above Dryden, and Boyle was preferred by the aristocracy of Christ Church to Bentley. Such patrons, whether in the Court or the city, would have complacently smiled or sneered at the critics who were not wanting to predict the collapse which a very few years would bring, and actually did bring, upon the writers in question; and those who make a similar prophecy now with regard to the leading favourites of the sculpture-patronizing class can afford to confront the same fate. Yet there is really no rashness in asserting that ignorance of nature and

want of skill in art can produce nothing of value, and that the brief gust, hardly so much of popularity as of patronism, which supports our Spratts and Blackmores in marble will not survive them. We have more than once shown, by reference to actual fact, why it is that English sculpture rouses but a languid feeling at home, and has no recognition among foreigners. The story is told in two words. The modern practice of putting up public statues and monuments, with the demand for portrait-busts, has called into activity a number of patrons who commission sculpture without having taken the pains to learn its first elements, and a number of practitioners whose work shows more or less incompetence for the difficult art which they profess. Want of knowledge of natural form, want of effect in modelling, want of mind and of cultivation, are conspicuously marked upon nineteen out of twenty works exhibited. One would think them the productions of journeymen or of schoolboys. Whether the general incompetence might not, in some instances, have been exchanged for skilled labour under a better training and a more educated and exigent public taste, it is no part of our business to ask here. What we have to do is to protest against further waste of money, and further infliction of deformity on our cities, by the slovenly style of work now prevalent.

Let us illustrate these remarks by examples in Trafalgar Square. Sometimes the inability so notoriously existing takes the form of simple commonplace, reflecting a few ancient types without force; as in the life-sized "Eve," by Mr. MacDowell, R.A., a statue in which, whether one regards the figure, the attitude, or the features, not one single trace of conformity to the supposed subject can be traced. All we see is an insipid-looking model, lounging against the Tree of Life. Sometimes it appears in a caricature of the modern Italian style—witness the boy by Mr. J. Adams (Il Giuocatore, 898), with his ill-shaped legs and right heel a good half-inch too long, grinning as if he were crazy on a frightful dog; or a lady's head (928), by the same hand, her eyes so absurdly large as to leave no space for the frontal and cheek bones, and her expression that of a waxen beauty in a perfumer's window. Or, again, the same cause gives us perhaps even worse modelling, combined with as feeble sentiment, in the marble confectionery of Mr. Trentanove (Flora, 948), or the "Violet and Henry" (906), by Mr. Alexander Munro, where the limbs and faces are so utterly shapeless and boneless that the group looks as if it were already decomposing, in Tennyson's phrase, "into lower forms." Or—power to model the human form remaining always absent—we reach the school of stiff and lifeless figures in Mr. Lawlor's "Captive" (893), or Mr. J. Bell's "Cherub with Primroses" (969), which is intended to act as a "fountain for ferns," with much the same propriety as the convolvulus-flower pattern so common in gas-burners. But the most successful sculptor in this province is now Mr. Durham, who sends two children (904) so unchildlike and awkward that they would seem to be specimens of what geologists call lignite—wood converted into stone; with a vacuous-looking boy holding a wreath, his limbs embarrassed how to place themselves, and apparently on a journey nowhere, which the catalogue assures us is a "reduced model of the statue of Alastor" (Shelley's Alastor!) "commissioned by the Corporation of London, and placed in the Mansion House." If this dull prose be the reduction, what must the most ideally conceived figure of the most ideally imaginative of our poets suffer in Mr. Durham's full-sized work? But nothing in the way of art, as experience too often shows, ought to surprise us from a Corporation.

We have not exhausted our list of attempts, all demonstrating, in different ways, what must be the result when the most arduous and the most intellectual of the arts of design is approached without due training. The ill-understood imitation of the French style in Mr. Leifchild's "Pensiero," where the drapery reveals the same elementary inattention to nature which we have marked as characterizing the works just noticed; the penmanlike curves and chisel sweeps in Mr. Woodington's Lady from "Comus" (923); the trick and extravagance of Mr. Boehm's terracottas, or of his marble bust (Lord Stratford, 953), where, in simple imitation of M. Marochetti, a species of effect has been gained by the easy device of suppressing every natural detail except the leading features—all are warnings of a similar kind. And yet from this exhibition are wanting other familiar names—we need not here enumerate the black-list—who are all essentially, and we must fear by this time irrevocably, ranked among those whose place as artists, in Mr. Ruskin's not too powerful phrase, lies "somewhere in the abyss." Nor are matters improved when we turn to so comparatively simple a field as portrait-busts. Here, in addition to two or three already enumerated, we may name, and content ourselves with naming, Mr. Weekes, R.A., Mr. G. G. Adams, Mr. Marshall Wood, and the Messrs. Papworth, as prominent exhibitors of exactly what (if the art of better hands or times, and the nature which never varies, be any standard for judgment) busts should not be. One can hardly imagine where the proprietors mean to dispose of this series of careless surfaces and misshapen forms, which, to eyes trained by the standard just noticed, have the repulsive effect of the skulls that one sees ranged within a mortuary chapel. Worse perhaps than any, not so much for its greater intrinsic badness as for the magnitude and indignity of the failure, is the head of Mr. Gladstone by the Mr. J. Adams whose "ideal" work we have above spoken of. A boy whose first attempt at a face should be no better than this would receive small encouragement to touch clay again from any rational schoolmaster. Mr. J. Adams not

only is a manifest disciple of Mr. Darwin, but must lie under the impression that the human species is rapidly returning to the gorilla type. He has selected Mr. Gladstone as a leading instance of this process, and has in turn been selected by the patrons of art in Liverpool to perpetuate his idea in a colossal figure of the Chancellor. In the interests of the great western port, let us hope that a commission which threatens so ill will be revoked, if there be any sense among Mr. Gladstone's fellow-townsmen of what is due to his features, taste, or wishes.

We have devoted the more space to this shocking bust, as we did a year or two since to one by Mr. Marshall Wood, because, for reasons which we have fully explained (see the *Saturday Review* for April 2 and April 9, 1864), there is so little free criticism of sculpture in England that those who value the welfare of the art are compelled to protest frankly against the inroads of fresh incompetence. In certain cases, however, such protests are less likely to have due effect; and if the liberal donor of Mr. Durham's "Prince Albert" to the Framlingham College be satisfied that the robed and tasselled effigy here exhibited in the model resembles the lamented Prince, or indeed resembles the "human form divine" in any degree beyond what we ordinarily find in a ship's figure-head, there is nothing to be done for it but to bow and look another way. As we turn, however, let us call attention to the anatomy of the left arm, which starts from the shoulder as if meaning to go behind the figure, and is then found presently falling straight down—a position for which only a compound fracture could account. Even the hand which professes to hold the hat cannot perform so simple an action, the thumb having been so carelessly modelled as not to touch it. We forbear criticizing the likeness; yet a laudatory *Times* paragraph of the familiar sort saluted this performance. Some of the very worst artists who now exhibit or are absent (no doubt employed on the Royal commission) are the principals to whom has been entrusted the most important effort in English sculpture yet attempted, the Memorial in Hyde Park. One sculptor only whose work is thoroughly sound and conscientious appears, so far as we know, on the long list of *employés*, architectural, ornamental, or sculptural. And then people wonder why English monuments fail, and why English sculpture is the standing derision of foreigners! Meanwhile we are quite content to act Cassandra in this matter. But when the trumpets have been blown, and the failure is popularly known to be complete, the money thrown away, and the regret we shall all share incurred, it will be recognised that they acted with most kindness to every one concerned who spoke most firmly against the paradox which expects sound work at the hands of workmen of proved inability. *Post eventum, credidimus!* All the patrons on earth cannot turn a sham into a reality, nor redeem a great opportunity wasted.

CHERUBINI'S MEDEA.

IT is pleasant to record the success of such a work as the *Medea* of Cherubini. Highly as it is esteemed by good judges, it has hitherto been a myth to the large majority of musicians and amateurs in this country. Even in Germany it is but seldom given, and the announcement of *Medea* at one of the few theatres which still preserve it in their list of immediately available operas is temptation strong enough to induce any enthusiastic tourist with a leaning towards fine music to prolong his sojourn in the town which can boast of such a theatre. The chance of hearing *Medea* even tolerably played has always been considered too precious to neglect, inasmuch as it might not occur again in a lifetime. And yet, strange to add, every one lucky enough to obtain that chance comes away from the performance firmly convinced that he has been listening to a masterpiece with few equals, and perhaps not a single superior. None ever thought of comparing *Medea* with either of the tragic operas of Mozart—*Idomeneo* or *La Clemenza di Tito*. Its loftier merits as a dramatic composition are denied by very few who have enjoyed the rare opportunity of testing them. How, then, account for the almost universal neglect into which it has fallen?—how explain the fact that, though originally composed for the Théâtre Feydeau in Paris, it is never to be heard at the Opéra Comique, or indeed at any theatre in France? True, some time ago, there was a talk of its revival at the larger theatre in the Rue Lepelletier, with the spoken dialogue thrown into accompanied recitative for the occasion, by M. Salvador Cherubini, a son of the composer; but the recitative was not forthcoming, and the design fell through. In the country where Cherubini should be honoured as one of the most illustrious of illustrious Florentines, as the greatest pupil of the great Sarti—a pupil who far outstripped his master—the *Medea* was never produced, though another *Medea*, not to be named in comparison, was once popular all over Italy. This is the *Medea* of John Simon Mayr, an Italianized German, who composed upwards of seventy operas, now buried in oblivion—the same *Medea* to which the English public were forced to pay homage by the histrionic genius of Pasta. Cherubini never heard any of the works he composed for Paris sung to his own plaint, beautiful, and harmonious language. That in England, where we have transplanted the operas of Meyerbeer, Auber, Spohr, and even Halévy to the Italian stage, and where the love for what is regarded as "classical" is so general that both our Italian lyric theatres found it expedient in the same year (1851) to appropriate to their purposes *Fidelio* itself—the aspiring effort of the most aspiring and unpromising of musicians—no thought should ever have been bestowed

upon a dramatic composer of such repute as Cherubini, is singular. His requiems and masses for the Church have long been received and admired among us; while his operatic overtures are familiar to frequenters of orchestral concerts wherever orchestras can be found sufficiently well trained to execute them decently. But the operas to which these overtures are merely preludes remain unknown. And yet they have been warmly and repeatedly eulogized by authorities looked upon with excellent reason as trustworthy. While citing Beethoven, indeed, a contemporary might have adduced Beethoven's own words, in the famous letter about the Second Mass—the fact of which having called forth no acknowledgment from Cherubini was inexplicable, until accounted for by the other fact of its never having reached Cherubini's hands. For though, as Mendelssohn tells us, the composer of *Medea* said of Beethoven's later music, "*Cià me fait éternuer*," he entertained a genuine respect for the earlier and middle productions of that magnificent genius. The rest were perhaps not exactly in his sphere. But, apart from Beethoven and other distinguished Germans, there are those at home on whose opinions sufficient reliance might have been placed to justify long since a trial of one of the operas of Cherubini, either in Italian or in English. The time is come at last, however, and the result surpasses what could, under any ordinary circumstances, have been expected.

Since Mr. Lumley first ventured on presenting Beethoven's *Fidelio* in an Italian dress, no such event has signalized the history of Her Majesty's Theatre as the production of Cherubini's *Medea* under similar circumstances. An opera better calculated to introduce with dignity this eminent master to a public hitherto only acquainted with his dramatic music by report, could hardly have been selected. The story of Jason's heartless infidelity and Medea's terrible revenge was just suited to Cherubini, in whom the gift of flowing melody was not by any means so conspicuous as that of dramatic expression, and whose genius, always soaring, could seldom gracefully lend itself to the illustration of ordinary human character, or of the common feelings and incidents of ordinary human life—which appears even in his admirable comic opera, *Les Deux Journées*. Happily the poet, F. B. Hoffmann—"Méhul's Hoffmann," chiefly remembered for his zealous advocacy of Méhul's music, a sort of literary jack-of-all-trades, who wrote verses, criticisms, pamphlets, and opera-books—followed Euripides, rather than Seneca, in his portraiture of Medea, and thus afforded Cherubini an opportunity of putting forth a giant's strength. The *Medea* of Euripides is sublime even amid her cruel acts of vengeance—a woman, metamorphosed by fate into an inexorable Nemesis. She is not the commonplace fury portrayed by the Roman philosopher in that dull tragedy which, with its tedious declamation, prosy rhetoric, and childish incantations, must surely have been read, from a "presentation copy," by Petronius Arbitrator, who was otherwise not the man to hold up Seneca to ridicule under the grandiloquent name of Agamemnon. By the side of his abandoned spouse, the fickle Jason, chief of the Argonauts, looks contemptible, and all his smooth-faced sophistry fails to convince the spectator that his doom is not well merited. In Creon, the Corinthian king, whose daughter is the cause of the alienation of Jason's affections from the Colchian princess, we have one of those lay figures peculiar to Greek tragedy. In Dirce, the talked-about but never present Glauca of Euripides—the Creusa of Seneca—little better than a nonentity can be recognised, her dread of Medea ill consorting with her ready consent to wed the father of Medea's children. The Athenian *Ægeus*—in Mayr's libretto the sentimental adorer of Creon's daughter, which accounts for the sympathy he shows for her rival—is happily discarded by Cherubini's dramatic poet, who really could not have fashioned him into anything like a shape amenable to effective musical treatment. But, as in Euripides, every other character is made subordinate to the one commanding personage of Medea; and in adopting this view of the Athenian poet, the French librettist showed not merely a great deal of common sense, but a true instinct of poetic beauty. At any rate, he handed over to the composer a classic model capable of the loftiest treatment; and it must be confessed that Cherubini's musical embodiment rivals the antique conception. In points of less significance, wherever the libretto of Hoffmann incidentally differs from the tragedy, it is to the studied advantage of the musician; and as these for the most part are limited to visible representations of what in the original is supposed to take place behind the scene, there is no violation of strict tragic decorum. The celebration of the marriage rites between Dirce and Jason, with all the characteristic pomp and ceremony, the paraphernalia of the temple, the *canto fermo* of the priests, alternately taken up by the voices of men and women and ever and anon mingling with the majestic harmony of the procession march—the whole witnessed behind a pedestal by the forlorn Medea, already breathing vows of death and desolation—may be cited as an example of what the poet has done for the composer, and of the extraordinary skill with which the composer has availed himself of the opportunity thus presented. There is not a more splendid and masterly *finale* than this in any opera that could be cited. Spontini's great scene in *La Vestale* is scarcely, in comparison, better than so much empty noise.

The whole musical setting forth of *Medea* proves that Cherubini had mentally grasped the subject before putting pen to paper. He has presented us with Euripides in music. His Jason is weak and vacillating; his Dirce is a pale abstraction; his Creon is abrupt and rugged as the Scythian king

of Gluck; his Medea is sublime. Even Neris, Medea's constant and attached follower, has an air, when she vows that she will follow the fortunes of her mistress to the end—"Ah nos peines seront communes" (we quote from the original)—which endows the character with a strong and touching individuality. Gluck was Greek in his two *Iphigénies*, his *Alceste*, and his *Orphée*; but Cherubini is still more supremely and superbly Greek in his *Medea*. Not one of Gluck's heroines stands out so rock-like as this marvellous creation, which is to high tragedy what Beethoven's *Fidelio* is to the drama of sentiment. That Beethoven could have given us a *Medea* it is hardly safe to doubt, admitting, as all are bound to admit, that he was the Shakespeare among musicians; but whether he could (or would) have cast his heroine in that severely classic mould which in Cherubini's creation exhibits the daughter of *Æetes* as something more than earthly—a veritable descendant of the sun—is questionable. Beethoven, like Shakespeare—all of whose characters, no matter what they say and do, are unmistakeable sons and daughters of Eve—leaned too lovingly to human nature; but the *Medea* of Cherubini, like the *Medea* of Euripides, woman as she appears in her impassioned moments, shows a touch of the demi-goddess that places her apart from the actual sphere of humanity.

To enter into a detailed analysis of the music of *Medea* would take up far more space than can be allotted to a single article. Our present object is merely to record that a signal success has attended an uncommonly bold and creditable venture. That so poor a production as the Italian *Medea* of the Bavarian Mayr, composed in 1812, should have superseded so true a masterpiece as the French *Medea* of the Florentine Cherubini, composed in 1797, and have held the stage for nearly half a century, amid general applause, in almost every considerable town of Europe where Italian opera existed, is one of those problems not easy to solve, and which alone can find precedents in the history of the musical art. It affords an instance, among many, of how executants, particularly singers, have been regarded as everything, while what they were appointed to execute has been slurred over as of small importance. Madame Pasta created and established the *Medea* with which the last half-century has been familiar; and yet, illustrious as is her name, who, now that she has gone, remembers, or would care to remember, a single bar of the opera? Madame Pasta could not, it is true, have sung the music of Cherubini, which, according to M. Fétis and others, laid the seeds of a pulmonary complaint that ultimately robbed the Théâtre Feydeau of the services of the renowned Madame Scio*; but happily there is a singer at Her Majesty's Theatre to whom *Medea* comes as readily as *Fidelio*. No performance of Madlle. Tietjens, since Mr. Lumley first introduced her to the English public in 1858, has so emphatically stamped her a great and genuine artist. Her *Medea* must take a higher rank than her *Fidelio*, inasmuch as it belongs to sublime tragedy; while the music of Cherubini, still more trying and difficult than that of Beethoven, requires greater skill to execute it, and greater physical power to sustain it with unabated vigour to the end. The last act of *Medea*—perhaps the grandest last act in opera, ancient or modern—exhibits Madlle. Tietjens no less as a consummate tragedian than as a consummate vocalist in the particular school to which she belongs. Each gesture has its meaning, each accent tells. But in almost every other respect the performance of *Medea* at Her Majesty's Theatre is excellent. The Jason of Herr Gunz, the Dirce of Miss Laura Harris, the Neris of Madlle. Sinico, and, above all, the Creon of Mr. Santley, are thoroughly efficient. The orchestra and chorus are nothing less than splendid; and the utmost credit is due to Signor Arditi, not only for the efficient manner in which he has produced a work of almost unexampled difficulty, but for the discreet and, at the same time, musician-like manner in which he has set the spoken dialogue (an indispensable element at the Opéra Comique) to accompanied recitative. Mr. Telbin, too, has supplied some appropriate scenery, and the opera is altogether well put upon the stage. That *Medea* will, like *Fidelio*, take a permanent place in the repertory of Her Majesty's Theatre, is, we think, certain; and with this conviction we hope shortly to find an opportunity of speaking of it again. No unknown opera was ever received with more spontaneous and undisputed approval.

REVIEWS.

FFOULKES ON THE DIVISIONS OF CHRISTENDOM.†

MR. FFOULKES is an almost unique example of a man changing his profession of religion, and yet not only retaining his sympathy for the religious body which he has left, but showing the desire and the ability to do it justice. The peculiarity of his position is that, on moral and intellectual points, he expresses himself satisfied that he was bound to change, and he maintains

* Who, nevertheless, was strong enough to aid in the success of an opera by the same composer, brought out three years later (1800)—no other than *Les Deux Journées*—in which Madame Scio played with extraordinary success the part of Constance.

† *Christendom's Divisions; a Philosophical Sketch of the Divisions of the Christian Family in East and West*. By E. S. Ffoulkes, formerly Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Oxford. London: Longman & Co. 1865.

the incontestable superiority of his new religion, as having the best of the argument, the best cause, and the best aids and opportunities for a good life; and yet, with all this, he largely admits, or rather enforces, the excellences of that which he has left, and also the truth of many of the charges which have been made against that which he has adopted. If he had quarrelled with Rome, there would be nothing extraordinary in his expressing his disappointment by comparing her, to her disadvantage, with the opponents whom he had once joined with her in condemning. But he holds that Rome is undoubtedly right, and all her opponents wrong; and yet he can bring himself to realize the fact, and publicly declare it, that it is as much by her fault as by theirs that they have become her opponents, and that they not only have good things among them which she denies to be possible in those out of the Church, but good things which she has not, and in her present condition cannot have. It would be doing the greatest injustice to Mr. Ffoulkes to represent him as covertly writing an apology for Protestantism from the Roman Catholic side. There can be no doubt as to what he thinks ought to be the religion of Christendom. But what is original—and what to many people, in the present condition of our religious controversies, will appear like unreality—in his way of looking at the subject, is the steady self-command and sense of justice with which, while committing himself to one side of the question, he forces himself still to look on both, and to admit that he has not really in the argument many of the supposed advantages which most of those who take a side (and certainly most converts) assume without scruple, and which, in the conventional way of conducting religious disputes or arguing from exclusive religious theories, no one is really much surprised at their assuming.

His book is an attempt to exhibit, in a broad and general form, the great fact of dissension and division which marks so strongly the history of Christendom long before the Reformation, and to trace succinctly the causes and characteristic features of the principal quarrels, preparatory to an account, which is yet to come, of the counter tendencies to reunion, and the various efforts which have been made towards it. His attention is chiefly directed to the two great ruptures, first between the East and West, then, in the body of Western Christendom, between the Roman Catholic Church and those who threw off its allegiance. He takes, of course, as a fundamental position, that the Pope holds his prerogative, as earthly head of the Church, by divine appointment; and that he was meant to be, and in the first centuries was recognised as being, the centre of unity, which without him must be impossible. This is merely to say that he writes as a Roman Catholic, on whose view of things separation from the Pope must mean revolt. But, in dealing with the history of these revolutions, he writes with the utmost independence and candour, with the earnestness and learning of a theologian, but also with the conscientiousness and resolute fair-dealing of an honest historian. His explanations do not always seem to us to get to the bottom of the matter; he is fond of tracing analogies between biblical and ecclesiastical history, which appear fanciful and precarious, and will hardly satisfy those who are not already convinced; and those who do not accept the Roman Catholic theory cannot be expected to go along with the main assumptions on which he writes. But though he seems to us to be unequal in his way of treating his subject, he is one of those who, really thinking over it for themselves and trying to see it as it is, are able to contribute valuable and instructive, even though it may be partial, views of it. His comparison and contrast between Greek and Latin modes of theorizing on religion, and his remarks on the philosophical character of the two dogmatic tendencies, though not absolutely original, are ably elaborated, and show a calm and large study of questions in which the mind is easily lost in detail, or tempted into rash generalization; and his spirit and tone throughout are generous, manly, and liberal. He shrinks instinctively from that partisan exaggeration of panegyric or denunciation which those familiar with the sympathies and interests of a religious cause find it so hard to get the better of, and which so sickens those outside it; and yet he all along avows himself a partisan. His weak points are for the most part connected with what must ever be the weak point of his system. He accounts for the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and for the legends of the Roman Breviary, on grounds which exclude the notorious influence of ignorance, the fashion of extreme sentiments, imposture, and the deliberate efforts of fanatical devotees, and which would justify quite as well any popular superstition, such as Sabbatarianism, or the vulgar Exeter Hall standard of Gospel preaching.

Mr. Ffoulkes' characteristic merits seem to us to be two. In the first place, he is not afraid to tell the truth about the degree in which the authorities of his own Church are, and have been all along, responsible for whatever is wrong and mischievous in the disunion of Christendom. A Roman Catholic of course may admit, as Baronius and Bellarmine have admitted, a great amount of ill-doing in the Church. What is so hard for a Roman Catholic to admit is, that the ill-doing was so great and intolerable, and that there was so little disposition and sincere effort to correct it, that his argument against the revolvers is seriously hampered. Enlightened opinion, out of the Roman Catholic body, has long since found no difficulty in arriving at a conclusion. It has given up glorifying Protestant superiority in knowledge and orthodoxy and holiness and purity of aim, and defending Protestant champions through thick and thin; but it has also come distinctly to the conviction that it is scarcely possible to overstate the provocation to a religious revolution given by the prolonged

and incorrigible misconduct and folly of the leaders of the Roman Church. There may still remain a question as to what follows from these facts, but about the facts themselves there can be no reasonable doubt; and Mr. Ffoulkes, like some of the German Roman Catholics, frankly accepts them. He thinks Luther mischievous, and Anglicanism narrow, inconsistent, and indefensible; but he shrinks not from declaring that Luther attacked an intolerable corruption and degradation of religion, and that the reforms of the Council of Trent were both too late and too partial. And he takes the trouble to point out where Luther was right, and did a good work for Christendom; and he emphatically repeats Moehler's judgment that the contest between "Catholics and Protestants sprang out of the most earnest endeavour of both parties to uphold the truth, pure and genuine Christianity, in all its integrity." His historical survey of the policy of the Roman Court at the crisis of the Reformation and before it, and of the desperate and impassioned but vain attempt of some of its most loyal adherents to avert the ruin which they saw fast approaching, is full of interesting detail, in some cases the result of original research.

But it is comparatively easy to find fault even with our own side. It is a still greater merit in Mr. Ffoulkes that, in the second place, he is able to recognise a fact, familiar enough to uncontroversial students of history, literature, and manners, but which controversy is apt to obscure in those who have professionally to pursue it. This fact is the simple one, that to a religious and well-instructed Roman Catholic the main and essential ideas of religion are substantially the same as they are to a religious Anglican or Protestant. He does not attempt, like Leibnitz or Forbes, to reconcile dogmatic formulæ—a plan which, however intelligible to accurate theologians, will always excite popular distrust; but he lays stress on what is open to the world to see, that in fact the type of what is perfect and admirable in religion is the same on both sides of the quarrel, and that on both sides it is actually realized, as the natural fruits of each religious system. In theory, the Anglican and Protestant are, to the Roman Catholic, schismatics and heretics, cut off from the grace of God; to the Protestant, the Roman Catholic is an apostate and idolater, who cannot be the servant of the jealous God of truth; and it need not be said that the practical conclusions following from this theory are sedulously dwelt upon in controversy, and form a considerable part of the weight of controversial assaults. Each ought to be, morally and religiously, in hopeless discord with the other. But what is the fact? Apply as a test such a book as the *Imitation of Christ*. Roman Catholics would claim it as the chosen book of devotion of all the more elevated class of minds among them; but it is just as much a Protestant book of devotion, and no one ever entered into it with more fervour and sympathy than the Protestant Wesley. Take on each side a number of names to whom each side would appeal as samples and models—S. Charles Borromeo, S. Francis de Sales, Pascal, Bossuet, Fenelon, Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, Ken, Wilson, Wesley, Edward Irving. Who that was enumerating the great and eminent instances of Christian zeal and life could leave out any of them? Who can doubt that one as much as another lived for the same end, was acted upon by the same belief and the same motives, walked by the same rule, strove for the same cause, was animated by the same spirit? Make what we please of their differences—broad and marked enough, no doubt. Yet, as soon as we follow their religion into the inner recesses of conscience and feeling, and take it off its guard as it were, speaking its deepest and most earnest words, and controlling and shaping the real character of their life, not all their differences can hide the plain fact that Christianity in all of them means the same, has equally penetrated and filled their spirits, has taught them the same lesson, and governed them all with equal power. In all it is absolutely the same thing; in all there is absolutely the same conception of its purpose, and the same understanding of its claims, its grace, its hopes. In controversy, one side gets accustomed to think of Bossuet as the champion of a fatal superstition, and the other to think of Jeremy Taylor as the mock minister of a sacrilegious schism, and the arch heretic of misbelief and error. It is difficult to understand how superstition, sacrilege, and misbelief, such as controversy is supposed to make it necessary to impute to one side or the other, can be compatible with Christianity. But let us seek for Bossuet's Christianity in his *Sermons and Elevations*, and for Taylor's in the *Holy Living and Dying*; and, whatever each may appear in controversy, no one can seriously deny that both are equally earnest preachers of exactly the same thing. Those who have been brought up in strait sects of religion can remember their shock of astonishment when it first broke upon them that others besides those who spoke according to their own customary formula might be good men and good Christians. But the same sort of surprise seems to be repeated again and again through life, whenever, after having been for a time busy and familiar with the aspects given by controversy, we pass into the region where those whom we have been contemplating as the enemies of truth and religion are seen pouring out their heart in devotion, or simply, and as a matter of course, enforcing, with perhaps more depth and feeling than we could enforce it, the very creed which we supposed ourselves fighting against them for corrupting. Yet this is an experience which must be familiar to every one who has followed the history of religion, and kept his eyes and his heart open.

Mr. Ffoulkes, writing as a theologian, has had the boldness—and it requires some boldness—to avow this from the Roman Catholic point of view; and he does so with wise and un-

grudging honesty, and with no idle and ungracious attempts to neutralize his admissions by reserves and qualifications, or to get rid of a plain and important certainty as something exceptional and insignificant. The question still remains, as he urges very truly, who is right and who is wrong in the disputes which divide Christendom; and these questions are not disposed of, nor can they be superseded, by finding that in spite of them earnest and religious men on all sides take much the same practical view of Christianity. But it greatly affects our way of approaching these questions, and dealing with them, to bear this in mind. Their intrinsic importance will remain what it is, and they will have to be argued on their own proper grounds; only an artificial or exaggerated importance will cease to attend them, arising from supposed consequences which facts do not bear out. This may be inconvenient for declamation; but calmness and fairness, and a value for the exact truth, will in the long run more than make up for the disuse of the easier methods of controversy. When a Roman Catholic writer of definite and deep convictions, and much learning, comes forward to set us the example of justice, and openness, and a preference of facts above theory, it would be sanguine to expect very much from his example; but at any rate we may notice that he has broken through the spell of bad custom, and such boldness is not likely to be without effect, though the effect may be but indirect and remote.

MISS COBBE'S ETHICAL AND SOCIAL STUDIES.*

THE critic who attempts to give an estimate of Miss Cobbe's new work must do so under a strong sense of responsibility. For he will find his duties laid down with much precision and energy by the lady whose labours he is to criticize. The critic, she tells us, "is the medium between the producer and consumer, and is bound to act fairly towards both parties." He is a jurymen, sworn to bring in a true verdict. He is bound to give a "just expression of his impression." He is, in short, to behave with judicial impartiality and gravity. And Miss Cobbe allows that much improvement is manifest in the general tone of critics at the present day. They generally show at least the consideration of a gentleman for an enemy or an inferior. But it notwithstanding happens that we always know beforehand that a given book will be praised in such or such a review, and pulled to pieces in such another. There is, she thinks, a traditional natural history current, in which the Tory, the Freethinker, the Strong-minded Woman, and so on, occur in recognised forms "like the heraldic two-headed eagle, the fork-tailed lion, the pelican wounding itself to feed the young with its blood," and sundry other animals which are treated by a conventional art. The critic paints the luckless author, not from a patient observation of his or her merits, but by drawing upon the portraits which he keeps in stock of these conventional forms. No one ought to undertake the office who has not candour, self-denial, and intelligence enough to rise above these methods, fairly to understand the book before him, and then, if he chooses, to refute and expose its fallacies. We need not say whether our conception of the ideal critic is exactly set forth in this description; but we hope that we have given some proof of candour in referring to it. If our account of Miss Cobbe's performance does not satisfy all the requisite conditions of impartiality and judicial calmness, we have at least referred to the code by which our shortcomings may be judged.

The "expression of our impression" may be given pretty simply. Miss Cobbe's work is a collection of nine essays, of which six have lately appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*. They take a wide range, from the tenets of Zoroaster down to the workhouses of the present day. Indeed, the title of "Ethical and Social Subjects," though a tolerably wide one, seems to be scarcely wide enough. An essay upon the "Hierarchy of Art" would have justified the insertion of another epithet, such as "Æsthetic." They are however composed, in varying proportions, of the same intellectual materials. There is in each essay a certain quantity of philosophical disquisition and a certain quantity of critical remark upon a great variety of matters. The criticism seems to us to be generally good; it is written in a pointed and lively style, and sometimes conveys really valuable information. We cannot say so much for the speculative discussions by which it is diluted. They were no doubt intended to raise the general tone, and give elevation to the less ethereal remarks imbedded in them. As, however, we cannot but think that Miss Cobbe's philosophy is of a somewhat vague and flimsy texture, and is conveyed in rather finer sentences than it deserves, we do not consider the mixture a successful one. The merit of the essays seems to us to be in inverse proportion to the volume of the philosophical element. The essay on the Poor Laws, where fortunately the practical good sense has undergone little or no adulteration, seems to us to be decidedly the best; and that on "Self-Development and Self-Abnegation," which is chiefly made up of the adulterating matter, to be decidedly the worst in the book. The quality of Miss Cobbe's metaphysics may be judged of by her going out of her way to patronize the Socratic argument that, "as we can only think of a dead body and not of a dead soul, therefore the soul cannot die," and sheltering it under the doctrine that a fact of which "we cannot even imagine the reversal is a necessary truth." We cannot imagine a dead soul,

* *Studies on Ethical and Social Subjects*. By Frances Power Cobbe. London: Trübner & Co. 1865.

but we can surely imagine the death of a soul, just as we can imagine the extinction of a fire without imagining a fire that is not burning. We may leave Miss Cobbe to settle this with Mr. Mill and Mr. Mansell, and congratulate ourselves that she does not often venture upon quite such dangerous topics. She takes flights, however, quite far enough above the ground trodden by the unmetaphysical mind to damage, to our taste at least, the effect of some of her essays. For example, she writes a very sensible and very kindly defence of the wretched victims of Parisian vivisection. It is a horribly brutal thing, and a disgrace to the men of science who suffer it, that students should be allowed to torture miserable horses for many hours together, for the sake of practice, without even the mercy of giving them chloroform. It is not easy to give sufficient expression, either within or without the conventional limits of decent language, to our disgust at the scientific brute who tried an *expérience morale* upon his dog—torturing the poor beast for days with his own hand to see whether it would, as it did, retain an affection for him. Miss Cobbe also makes some interesting remarks upon the reflex action of the treatment of dumb beasts upon the human actors. She recalls the curious story of the desperate convict, who was of necessity locked up by himself between the hours of labour, until he accidentally became humanized by the original reformatory process of taming a rat. This beast lived in the prisoner's shirt, and had such a beneficial effect upon his moral character that the man ultimately ripened from a convict into a "trusted assistant of the jailers," and was killed in defending them from a conspiracy. Nothing can be truer (not excepting the story of the rat) nor more forcible than her remarks. But why should she think it necessary to fortify them by answering "the fundamental question, What is cruelty to animals?" or by searching Bishop Butler for "a primary ground of obligation for mercy and kindness" (which ground appears to be that beasts feel)? That we ought not to inflict pain is, we are told, "an ultimate canon of natural law—a necessary moral law (in metaphysical parlance)—since we cannot even conceive the contrary," &c. Surely it does not want this formidable apparatus to prove that we ought not to torture a miserable horse by cutting him up alive for ten hours together. Or why should we be perplexed about a conflict, such as Kant would have called "an antinomy of duties," as to whether it can be right to torture a thousand frogs to obtain a single scientific truth? All this argumentation, besides that it seems to us to be very unsound, considerably dilutes the force of the indignation which is the one thing requisite. French philosophers evidently require some stronger stimulus than a discussion rambling into Kant's antinomies to make them decently humane. In another essay, to which we have referred, about self-development, there are some acute remarks about a common form of petty social tyranny. We are told how a father often torments his children out of a selfishness which he mistakes for a high sense of Christian duty; how he prevents his daughter studying, because he dislikes a learned woman; how he checks her acquaintance with other women, because "he disapproves of female friendship," and spoils her chances "of the natural ties of human existence," because he wants her at home; and how, when he falls into ill health, he insists upon a constant attendance in close and heated rooms, because he likes his daughter's service. Nothing can be more true, and Miss Cobbe's apology for the length of her description is quite unnecessary, for it is the best point in an essay of which the rest is constructed of feeble ethical disquisitions. Thus, for example, we are led into the discussion of the interesting casuistical question "whether a man, in case of shipwreck, ought to save his own father or the greatest benefactor to mankind." Miss Cobbe decides in this case for the father, but the decision is not quite satisfactory. Suppose that, instead of a father, it was an uncle, or a first cousin once removed, or a gentleman who had married the first cousin of your father's second wife. It would certainly be possible to hit upon some point at which the two bundles of hay would be exactly balanced, and the unfortunate shipwrecked man be left to the mercy of the elements. This, however, is a necessary vice of moral philosophy of Miss Cobbe's favourite school. When you lay down a grand moral law of which the contrary is inconceivable, it works very nicely within its own sphere, but at some point it comes into conflict with another irrefragable moral law, and you are forced to slink out of the difficulty by a daring act of casuistry.

Perhaps it is rather hard to complain of this kind of matter. Every one in composing a magazine article is tempted to flavour it with some dignifying ingredient. The lower class of authors mix in an offensive amount of fine writing. Miss Cobbe is quite superior to this; her philosophical speculations, however, answer the same purpose, and the choice is not a bad one, as a very few metaphysical terms go a very long way. In the essay on the Philosophy of the Poor Laws (rather a big word to express the practical arrangement of workhouses) we fortunately have all the philosophy collected in the first two or three pages. We are treated to Grotius's *Justitia expletrix* and *Justitia attributrix*, and to sundry profound reflections in order to prove the very harmless truth that the State ought to repress pauperism and to prevent paupers being starved. We then make a rapid transition to the practical evils of workhouses, upon which Miss Cobbe dilates with great force. Every large workhouse, according to her, consists of twenty-two distinct institutions, of which every one more or less interferes with others. Besides the workhouse considered as a place of labour for the able-bodied, there are jumbled

together a hospital for the sick and incurable, a blind asylum, a deaf-and-dumb asylum, a lunatic asylum, a lying-in hospital, boys' and girls' schools, and sundry other subsidiary institutions. The consequences of this arrangement are easy to foresee. The board have not only to manage the internal working of each of these, including the nursing of babies, but to provide for the complications produced in each by the neighbourhood of the others. Miss Cobbe quotes with approbation the great principle that there never yet existed a gentleman, or a board of gentlemen, whom the "matron of an institution could not perfectly bamboozle respecting every department under her charge." It is not surprising that the sick are mixed up with the insane, that an epidemic which breaks out in the hospitals goes through the schools, that a ruined tradesman has to spend his last years with drunkards and profligates, and that the young grow up with examples of vice and utter idleness constantly before their eyes. Miss Cobbe speaks with great feeling of the evils produced in the hospitals—of patients who, from false economy, are fed so badly that they linger on for years when they might have been cured in a few days—and contrasts the regulations of the workhouse hospital with those of the hospitals supported by voluntary subscription. Yet she seems to admit a doubt whether free hospitals can be in any cases desirable, because they diminish the disposition of the working-classes to make provision for themselves in case of illness. This would probably be a mistaken piece of political economy, for the hospital more than counterbalances any evil in this direction by the gain due to its superior facilities for organization. The doubt, however, has more validity against the whole system of the Poor Laws. If the idea of ending life in the workhouse has, as Miss Cobbe tells us, become so familiar to the English labourer that he considers it a right rather than a degradation, the Poor Laws are certainly defeating their presumed object. They are not repressing, but directly encouraging, pauperism. And this, as Miss Cobbe sensibly points out, is the great difficulty in the way of improving the condition of the workhouses. It is not desirable to make the aged poor comfortable, as they are quite sufficiently inclined to come without. Consequently the system from which all the bad arrangements and discomforts noticed by Miss Cobbe naturally result is not to be prematurely condemned. The discomforts are, within certain limits, an actual recommendation. The worst part of the system is probably its effect upon the children, in whom pauperism is rendered, as it were, a chronic instead of a temporary ailment.

Miss Cobbe tells us, in one of these essays, of a little girl who asks, "Auntie, don't you think I am good enough to be put in a tract?" If she had scrutinized a little more closely the claims of her own reflections to be put in an essay, she might have made a shorter and a better book. As it is, we do not feel disposed to complain seriously of the excess of bad philosophy which wraps up a considerable amount of common sense and acute remark.

BELLE BOYD.*

AMONG the causes to which we may have to assign the failure of the Southern States of America in their struggle for independence, we shall never have to place any kind of deficiency in the courage and constancy of their women. Never since the days when the ladies of Carthage threw their wedding-rings into the city chest, and cut off their hair to be woven into bow-strings, has the warlike spirit of a nation been fanned and kept alive with a more united and persistent resolution on the part of the female portion of its population. The tales of patient sacrifice and heroic daring that reached us through all the haze of uncertainty that hung over the interior doings of the South were too many and too consistent to be relegated, as they might have been by cynical disbelievers in the reality of romance, to the realms of fable or imagination. Eyewitnesses have told us of sons, husbands, brothers, lovers, driven to the field by female lips and armed by female hands—of downcast and flagging hearts kindled into fresh life by women's eloquent words and braver deeds. Many a State and district in the Confederacy has had its Saragossa:—

The man nerved to a spirit, and the maid
Waving her more than Amazonian blade.

Belle Boyd in Camp and Prison is one of those books into which the whole soul and spirit of the writer has evidently passed—which are too earnest for artistic construction, too real and heartfelt either for self-concealment or self-display. There is in it, indeed, a reckless and defiant air which in a less worthy cause, or in the mouth of a less refined and lady-like author, might pass for mere feminine sauciness or swagger; but even this defect of style is manifestly due to that over-abundance of the heart out of which the mouth speaketh. The darling of the entire South, Belle Boyd may be regarded as the female genius or impersonation of the Confederacy, in which her name has been a household word from almost the beginning of the war. The ruling passion of her nature, and accordingly the key-note of her book, is a feeling of intense antipathy to the "Yankees." Our grandfathers and grandmothers, who were taught to hate a Frenchman like the devil, could hardly have come up to such a pitch of genuine unmixed hatred as this. Though careful to have it known that she does not set up herself "as an advocate of the woman's right doctrine," or as a strong-minded specimen of her sex, but "would rather appear in the character of a quiet lady expressing her

* *Belle Boyd in Camp and Prison*. 2 vols. London: Saunders, Okey, & Co. 1865.

sentiments, not so much to the public as to her friends," it is not a little amusing to see what this "quiet lady" can do in the way of gentle vituperation of the North generally, and of personal contempt and scorn for the individuals under whose official rod she was brought in the course of her daring adventures. We may easily imagine the difficulty which the Federal authorities, even when most gallant and forbearing, must have experienced in dealing with a "little rebel" who made the weakness of her sex a shield for the most ostentatious defiance of consequences. An officer of more polite and yielding stuff than "Beast Butler" might well feel himself embarrassed by being confronted with a captive whose characteristic "quietness" in giving vent to her feelings is set forth in a colloquy like the following:—

He was seated near a table, and, upon my entrance, he looked up and said, "Ah, so this is Miss Boyd, the famous rebel spy. Pray be seated."

"Thank you, General Butler, but I prefer to stand."

I was very much agitated, and trembled greatly. This he noticed, and remarked, "Pray be seated. But why do you tremble so? Are you frightened?"

"No; ah! that is, yes, General Butler; I must acknowledge that I do feel frightened in the presence of a man of such world-wide reputation as yourself."

This seemed to please him immensely, and, rubbing his hands together and smiling most benignly, he said, "Oh, pray do be seated, Miss Boyd. But what do you mean when you say that I am widely known?"

"I mean, General Butler," I said, "that you are a man whose atrocious conduct and brutality, especially to Southern ladies, is so infamous that even the English Parliament commented upon it. I naturally feel alarmed at being in your presence."

It is something to the credit of General Butler that, after this "Parthian shot at an enemy whom she detested," he should have sanctioned the young lady's being sent unharmed south to her friends. She adds, however, that the General, on reading the contents of certain letters found under the charge of the "rebel spy," and "smarting with the remembrance of her farewell sarcasm," ordered her to be pursued, and, if recaptured, sent to Fort Warren, remarking to those around him that he would "take a leading character in *Beauty and the Beast*"; and we are also told that when the tug returned from her fruitless chase, "he was almost beside himself with rage at being thwarted in his revenge." This she professes to have had from such good authority that she is "confident the General will not feel it worth his while to contradict the statement." In a spirit of not less mischief, though tempered with a dash of even wilder fun, she discomfited the lieutenant and party who escorted her on her first imprisonment, by waving over their heads, as the train entered Baltimore, a small Confederate flag which she had received by stealth from a fellow-captive on the way, and surreptitiously concealed in her pocket. Nor was her daring or defiance confined to words alone. In almost every chapter of the book we find Belle confronting the bayonet of some sentry, who sometimes, after provocation too strong for Federal nature, had recourse to his only weapon against the sharper tongue of his fair foe. Once, indeed, as she "is not ashamed to confess that she recalls without shadow of remorse," her "blood literally boiling in her veins," as one of a party of soldiers invading the house "addressed her mother and herself in language as offensive as it is possible to conceive," she expressed her sentiments in a way which may perhaps pass into a precedent for the imitation of any "quiet" young American lady under the circumstances. "I drew out my pistol," says this calm and gentle young creature of seventeen—it appearing that a weapon of that kind formed an indispensable part of female equipment at the time—"and shot him. He was carried away mortally wounded, and soon after expired." The man's commanding officer happily being satisfied that she had "done perfectly right," it is a relief to find the only result of this exploit to be that of establishing the fame of the heroine both North and South.

Martinsburg, the birthplace of Miss Belle Boyd, a pretty town nestled in the valley of the Shenandoah, was among the first victims to the ravages of war. Her father, a wealthy country gentleman, had taken his place as a private in the Confederate ranks, in which he eventually fell in the second year of the war. His house, turned into head-quarters by the enemy, became nevertheless, by the arts and intrepidity of his wife and daughter, the centre of plots and stratagems for the supply of succours and intelligence to the Southern leaders in the neighbourhood. All being fair in war as in love, the "rebel spy" found nothing but what was laudable in pumping the friendly Federal officers, or, by means of a hole through the floor, eavesdropping at a council of war; the news thus surreptitiously picked up being duly conveyed to General Stuart or Jackson. The young lady's first open adventure was that of a midnight ride of fifteen miles by herself through the Federal pickets, saving "poor old Jackson and his demoralized army" from the trap set for them by the confident General Shields. Shortly after, at Front Valley, the scheme of Banks and Fremont, with Geary and White, to march at once upon Jackson, having come to Belle's private ear, she saw no alternative but on the spur of the moment to "put on a white sun bonnet," and start at a run through the enemy's lines—the rifle-balls aimed at her falling thick and fast around her, aided by the capital mark afforded by her dark blue dress, "with a little fancy white apron above it." She arrived out of breath just in time to enable Jackson to plan and execute the flank movement which restored him the possession of Martinsburg. His note, thanking her, for herself and the army, "for the immense service that she had rendered her country that day," formed naturally one of Belle's most cherished treasures. Prouder still was the distinction of receiving

her formal commission as "Captain and Honorary Aide-de-Camp" to Stonewall Jackson, and thenceforth "enjoying the respect paid to an officer by soldiers." At the inspection of troops by Lee and Longstreet the new-made *militaire* "had the honour to attend on horseback, and to be associated with the staff officers of the several commanders." Nor was she the only daughter of the land whose zeal and bravery helped to turn for a while the fortunes of war in favour of the South. A friend of hers, Miss Sophia B. of Martinsburg, "a lovely girl," slipped away on one occasion with a *lettre de cachet*, and walked seven miles to the camp of "Stonewall" happily with safer results than Lord Macaulay reports to have attended the equally patriotic attempt of a female partisan of Monmouth to avert the disaster of Sedgemoor. It would appear that beauty forms the inseparable endowment or reward of patriotism, so far at all events as concerns the annals of this war; while love of country—coupled with the fact duly dwelt on by the writer, that "a true woman always loves a real soldier"—sufficed to overcome the natural weakness and timidity of the sex. It was a "lovely fragile-looking girl of nineteen, Miss D—, remarkable for the sweetness of her temper and the gentleness of her disposition," who, a few days before the battle of Bull Run, passed through the whole Federal lines in a market cart disguised as a country-girl. Gaining access to General Bonham, and "tearing down her long black hair, she took from its folds a note, small, damp, and crumpled; but it was by acting upon this informal dispatch that General Beauregard won the battle of Bull Run."

The first detention of Belle Boyd at Baltimore was but brief, and was marked by few incidents of importance. But her incorrigible determination to aid the cause of Secession at all hazards soon brought down upon her the heavy hand of Secretary Stanton, who, by the lady's own representation, seems to have pursued her as the evil genius by whose secret spells his plans were perpetually being frustrated. By his special order she was arrested and thrown into the "Old Capitol" prison at Washington. Her pictures of life in captivity are drawn with much graphic force and reality. With every disposition to make the worst of Yankee tyranny and inhumanity, it cannot, we think, be said that on the whole her treatment there was more stringent or severe than was requisite for the safe keeping of a captive whose ready wit was for ever on the rack to foil and baffle her detainers, especially when allowance is made for the special difficulties which must attach to the case of a lady prisoner alone amongst a community of males. The chief officials were in general sufficiently courteous and considerate; and if the rude instinct of duty led at times to some excess of roughness on the part of some zealous sentry, it is not given, we must remember, to every raw private to make the exact allowance for "pretty Fanny's way," when his fair charge would persist in trollying "Secesh" ditties at the top of her voice, and flaunting miniature copies of the Stars and Bars on her breast or at the windows of her cell. Her second detention in the Carroll prison at Washington, if more rigorous than the first, may not unreasonably have been provoked by the open parade of herself as an "avowed enemy of the Federal cause," receiving "overtures" everywhere as the "Virginian heroine" and serenaded as the "rebel spy." It is not, of course, easy to prevent incidental cases of harshness, and even brutality, at the hands of subordinate officials, especially in a military prison. But we cannot help thinking that there is somewhat more of passion or partisanship than of exact recollection in the picture given by Belle's husband, Mr. Hardinge, of Colonel Wood, the commandant at the Carroll—the "Vidocq or Jonathan Wild of the Federal States," who yet could be a gentleman if he would—yelling at the top of his voice to a sick lady prisoner, Miss McDonough, "Hooray, Mollie, I've got your father a prisoner!" or rushing to her dying bed with the announcement of her brother's arrest, "Hooray! Jem McDonough's caught, and will swing, by —! before the week is out." Since he speaks, however, as an eye-witness, we may accept with greater confidence Mr. Hardinge's testimony to the use of torture for the purpose of wringing confessions of treason from "suspects" or supposed deserters. It is not a little curious to observe, under the military system of the "virtuous, freest, and most enlightened government upon earth," what savours so much of the old world discipline of Claverhouse, or the pressyard of our own Newgate a century ago:—

You may doubtless somewhere have read of the prisoner who was tortured by being fastened in an immovable position beneath a faucet, that permitted to escape, every second, one drop of water, which fell always in one spot upon the forehead, producing a most fearful torture, resulting eventually in insanity. Well, although it was not exactly the same thing, nevertheless it approached it very nearly. For in this instance the victim was made to stand bound securely to a post, whilst a steady stream of water, whose force was thirty pounds to an inch square, was played upon the small of the back.

It was often the case that the victim, unable to endure the torture, would, guilty or not, give in; and the consequence was, that the authorities, having witnessed the acknowledgment of his crime, would remand him in an exhausted state back to the Hall, to be led out to execution, or conducted to the Penitentiary, to which he would be sentenced for a lifetime.

If there is somewhat of egotism, heightened by not a few touches of feminine vanity, in the writer's way of chanting her exploits and retailing the compliments which were showered by friend and foe alike upon her patriotism, her cleverness, and her charms, the tendency to find fault is lost in the sense of gratification with which we welcome the heroine of so many thrilling escapades, and the narrator of so many telling anecdotes. We may add that our chief disappointment arises from the way

in which the features and form of the "fair rebel" are presented to us in the frontispiece of the first volume. If we are to go by the standard of beauty implied in the habitual praises of the press, not to speak of hints indirectly supplied by her own narrative, we may be sure that no ravages of prison life and fare have been half so detrimental to the *effigies* of the fair captive as the arts of the photographer and the engraver.

IMPRESSIONS OF LIFE.*

ANY man of intelligence and cultivation who chooses to extend his travels just beyond the ordinary route of tourists may see a good many things worth talking about, and a few worth writing about. Every one knows the singular sheeplike habits of the ordinary traveller. Even in the very best known districts, where centuries of sightseers have discharged their painful duty of self-imposed labour, untouched fields of interest lie close to the beaten track. It seems as if the feet of generations had worn a labyrinthine groove from which, once entered, it is almost impossible to diverge. Given the positions of the wanderer at two or three different points, and you can infer his intermediate orbit, by the help of a Murray or a Bradshaw, as accurately as the astronomer lays down the path of a comet. You know that he may have passed within a few feet of any number of interesting objects, and have been as unconscious of their neighbourhood as a dog of a sitting bird. The scent by which he tracks out his prey only conducts him to points laid down in his guide-book. This may be considered by the lover of final causes as a providential arrangement to secure some parts of the earth from devastation. If the locust flight of tourists could spread itself equally over a given district, every green thing not eaten up would be spoiled by the flavour they leave behind. As it is, a man of very small originality may be certain of gleaming some remains of the harvest even in the most trodden district. Probably no single track has been more worn by the feet of the sightseeing race than that which leads from Geneva to Chamouni and over the pass to Martigny. Yet, even there, two or three hours' walk will at any time place the bold digresser in a region where an Englishman is stared at and tourists are curiosities. A day's walk will, as we have been lately told, take him back to the middle ages, to a valley where the inhabitants are possessed of devils and seek refuge in exorcisms. In such regions the traveller may, as it were, pick up treasures for the trouble of stooping, and yet not one man in a thousand takes the trouble to stoop. Every now and then, some one who has had enough originality to take a step to the left, where people in general take a step to the right, proceeds to write about it. The worst of it is that, as a rule, he has not got enough new facts to make into a book, and he ekes them out with the old. He gives us one pennyworth of new information to an intolerable deal of half-digested Murray. The late volumes of *Vacation Tourists* were intended to avoid this evil, by taking the cream from a number of independent travellers without treating us to the skim-milk. Few men's tours, it was thought, could fill a volume big enough to stand by itself, but a sufficient quantum might be collected from the whole army of annual tourists. By taking from each man just the flower of his journey, the little bit which was really peculiar to himself, a tolerable nosegay might be collected where the flowers should not be smothered in the leaves. Lord Eustace Cecil seems to have adopted this principle. He has selected from various journeys the points which most interested him, and has reported them in an unaffected style. He thus avoids the temptation which besets most travellers, the pith of whose narrative might be conveyed in a couple of pages, and who eke it out by the thousand-and-first description of a voyage in a mail steamer or a journey on a camel's back. We learn the effect upon an intelligent Englishman of a few days spent in the queer republic of Hayti, where niggers in cocked hats play more or less successfully at being generals and emperors. We have a ride in Morocco, which most people associate principally with that queer beast, making a strange roaring noise, which so much startled Robinson Crusoe in his early days; a visit to the back slums of New York, inhabited by its strange medley of half-civilized Germans, Irishmen, and negroes; and scenes which illustrate more strikingly our close neighbourhood to very strange sights which few of us ever think of seeing—the various prisons of Paris, and the haunts of Chinamen and sailors in the neighbourhood of Ratcliff Highway. The idea is a good one, and is carried out with fair success. We are grateful, not merely for the absence of that intervening tasteless substance which most authors think it necessary to accumulate in order to form a receptacle for their plums, but for a good deal of information given with unpretending good sense. Of course we cannot expect a large amount of very profound disquisition with regard to such a place as Hayti after a few days' residence. It is, however, as Lord E. Cecil truly remarks, the scene of a very curious experiment—that, as we may venture to describe it, of making a silk purse out of a sow's ear, or of constructing a republic of emancipated negro slaves. Information from a passing traveller is of the more value, because we can hardly demand very prolonged or philosophical remarks on an island whose chief town is said to be the head-quarters of Yellow Jack. The difficulties under which a gentleman labours in paying a mere flying visit to the place are illustrated by a speech which some one (from

internal evidence it appears, although it is not decidedly stated, to have been the author) made to the President of the Republic. Perhaps the best speech of the kind on record is that which Lord Dufferin made to the inhabitants of Iceland, beginning "insolitus ut sum ad publicum loquendum," and which met with deserved success. The present oratorical effort appears to have been less fortunate. The speaker, in the desperate necessity of finding something to say upon a topic of which he knew little, and of which his knowledge, so far as it went, was unfavourable, hit upon what we should have thought a happy expedient. He congratulated the President upon the emptiness of his gaols, having just had an opportunity of looking at them; and inferred, with some plausibility, the absence of crime in the island. The President winced visibly under the compliment, and it turned out that the gaols had been thrown open a day or two before, during one of the ordinary revolutions of the district. The orator got upon safer ground in declaring the obvious truth, that Her Majesty has few things more at heart than promoting civilization by cultivating the goodwill of the people of Hayti.

Of the general condition of things in the island, Lord E. Cecil takes an unfavourable view. Perhaps a man is rather biassed against a country when he is landed by being hauled by a rope to a height of fifteen feet out of a boat; when he finds the capital city to be in a tropical marsh, unpaved, undrained, and full of yellow fever; and when from its immediate neighbourhood he can look down upon lakes which have never been explored, either because they are too full of malaria and mosquitoes, or because the natives are so lazy that they won't take the trouble to walk as far as their own horizon. The most unfavourable circumstance which he mentions about the country is the intense popular jealousy of whites. An influx of intelligent settlers might do much for what, in external appearance and in the richness of its soil, is described as a paradise upon earth. But, foolish as the policy may be, it is hardly surprising. There was some common sense about the monkeys who refused to talk, for fear they should be made to work. The world would of course get more sugar and more coffee if the negro were persuaded to abandon his ideal of basking all day on a dunghill by the side of his pig. But, if the negro likes it, he is quite right to object to the intrusion of prying Yankees or Englishmen. They might possibly adopt means for convincing him of the folly of his theories of life which would be less pleasant for him than for them. At any rate, with his memory of his French masters and his position in the immediate neighbourhood of Cuba, we can hardly complain of his somewhat Japanese policy. Lord E. Cecil, indeed, remarks very truly that the negroes have still had but a short time, as time is reckoned in the life of nations, for learning to mend their ways. We can hardly expect an emancipated slave to take a very high polish in the course of sixty years' entire abandonment to his own devices. And, after all, it is something to have a President who can receive deputations from Freemasons and make speeches. It is not bad to have an army, and an occasional war, and a revolution, and to inaugurate a republic of fraternity and equality with a pretty ceremonial in a cathedral—the President bringing out a crown and going through the form of smashing it with a hammer, whilst refusing to go through more than the form, because it would be "an act of vandalism." These things may be mere instances of the capacity for imitation which the negro shares with white children, but they are an imitation which may possibly lead to the real thing in time. Meanwhile the Haytiens have schools, one of which is described as respectable, and gaols, of which one has a keeper who attends to the convicts more than to his own gains. It is true that the clergy are rather of a low order, as may be inferred from the fact that when marriage, and consequently their fee for celebrating it, was falling into disuse, they adopted the plan of charming door-posts for money, and were quite content with the alteration. The subject, however, is one which would repay a more careful investigation than Lord E. Cecil could have time to bestow upon it.

The volume closes with an essay, the precise logical connection of which with its predecessors it is not very easy to define. The "prospects of younger sons" doubtless present a topic of considerable interest to a deserving class. The description of various other neglected races may be supposed to have suggested its discussion. Negroes in Hayti, rowdies in New York, and convicts in Paris may be put into the same species with younger sons, by assuming for its characteristic difference a considerable haziness as to their immediate future. Negroes, according to some theorists, are likely to be improved off the face of the earth. We may hope that the same measure of radical reform is in store for the rowdy and blackguard element of more civilized countries. But it is hardly likely to be applied to younger sons. It cannot be expected with any confidence that the race will speedily die out; and yet, if Lord E. Cecil's anticipations are fulfilled, it is obvious that they must adopt some means of supporting themselves. We doubt, however, whether his statements are in all respects well grounded. It is no doubt true that in most professions the great prizes are fewer than they were. The higher positions in the army and navy, to which younger sons were naturally taught to look forward, have doubtless lost some of their old attractions. Under Cromwell, according to Lord E. Cecil, an infantry captain received eight shillings a day, and a lieutenant four. At present, the captain receives eleven and sevenpence, and a lieutenant six and sixpence. Making allowance, as he says, for the depreciated value of money, "it requires no Mr. Fawcett to discover that the pay of the line has been very considerably

* *Impressions of Life at Home and Abroad.* By Lord Eustace Cecil. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1865.

reduced." Moreover, the higher positions have fallen off in value. British admirals cannot expect to capture Spanish galleons, nor can future Clives conquer more Indian Empires. The army and navy have doubtless lost in relative position, but we should doubt whether the same can be said of the learned professions. The process which takes place in them is rather a levelling than a lowering one. There are more moderate posts in proportion to the high ones. There are, for example, more clergymen with moderate incomes in proportion to the fat bishoprics and deaneries of former days. But even this is not the whole truth. Taking, for example, the clerical profession, if it has not expanded in certain directions, it has in others. The whole educational system of the country is chiefly in the hands of the Church. If a young man cannot look forward to a good living with the same certainty as of old, he can, if of distinguished scholarship, look forward to a good mastership at a public school. The amount of income which is thus thrown into the hands of clergymen goes further than is sometimes thought to make up for their losses in other respects. It is rather a change in the distribution and nature of the prizes than a falling-off in their total amount, or even in the rate at which they increase. The same is true in other cases. There can be no doubt, however, of the good sense of Lord E. Cecil's practical conclusion, that younger sons should no longer be too proud to go into business, or to seek their fortune in the colonies. They may also wisely follow his example by contributing to the literature of their country; but we fear that this might not, as a rule, add very largely to their incomes.

DR. SMITH'S PRACTICAL DIETARY.*

MEDICAL publishers, and that portion of the general public which finds a pleasure in reading medical books, ought to feel deeply indebted to Mr. Banting. If he made no great scientific discoveries, he did what was still better—he popularized those made long ago. A mediæval monk could have told us that the way to get fat was to eat very little meat and a great deal of Lenten food; and a still older example of this effect of a farinaceous diet was to be found in the history of the Jewish children whose appearance improved so remarkably upon pulse. On the whole, however, people preferred to disregard the obvious lesson in both cases, and to attribute one result to surreptitious indulgence in forbidden dainties, and the other to an exceptional miracle. But when Mr. Banting arose, all these things began to wear another aspect. He supplied the world with a living instance of what could be effected by simply reversing these time-honoured processes, and he gave a name—short, convenient, and inoffensive—to an operation which heretofore there had been no means of describing without having recourse to an inconvenient periphrasis. "Do you Bant?" became at once a question which any dinner-table acquaintance might ask without fear of offence; and a subject which could be thus neatly expressed in terms of common life was naturally invested with a popularity which had been denied to it so long as it could only be introduced after some such fashion as this—"Do you regulate your diet so as to counteract your constitutional predisposition to obesity?" Food, and the effects of food, have thus become part of the common conversational stock of society, and they seem tending more and more to assume a corresponding place in literature. What is most wanted now is some typical person who will do for lean people what Mr. Banting has done for fat people. Why does not somebody come forward and illustrate by his own past history and present appearance what may be effected in this way? It should be a woman, however, for leanness is more an attribute of women than of men, and its influence on their good looks is infinitely more injurious. It should be a woman, too, who could give instances of the inconvenient consequences of thinness as striking as Mr. Banting's method of coming down stairs was of the other extreme. She should be able to aver that, on the third day of wearing a new gown, there were holes above the points of the shoulders as perfect as though they had been bored with a gimlet, and that she could never venture to sit at her ease in a friend's arm-chair for fear of cutting the back of it with her shoulder-blades. Properly authenticated statements of this kind, if made by a plump and well-developed young lady, would carry with them an immense persuasive force; and there seems every reason to believe that, by a judicious arrangement of food, these most desirable personal qualifications may be attained by almost every one whose thinness does not proceed from disease. If young ladies will but take the same pains to grow fat as they have sometimes taken to grow lean, the eye of the spectator will be gratified in numberless instances by the gradual substitution of curves for angles and cushions for points.

How they are to set to work they may learn from Dr. Smith's *Practical Dietary*. If they are fortunate enough to be fond of milk, their course is perfectly clear. They must as far as possible live upon milk, to the exclusion of all other fluids. "It should form a part of every meal, and enter into the composition of chocolate and coffee, of puddings and custards, soup, mashed potatoes, and even bread." In this way as much as two quarts of the fattening elixir may be disposed of daily; and even this quantity may be increased by "evaporating it gently over the fire, until a portion of the water has been driven off and two pints rendered equal to three." The same end will be further promoted by a liberal

indulgence in cream, which may be substituted for milk in coffee, chocolate, and puddings, as well as eaten with fruit, preserves, and pastry. As a material for puddings, "corn-flour," which is a preparation of maize, and still more *Revalenta Arabica*, which is made from a kind of pea, should be preferred. This latter substance admits of being prepared either with milk or gravy-soup, and the nutritive value of the pea is greater even than that of Indian corn. The quantity of meat need not be large, but bread and potatoes, the latter mashed with milk, sugar, and butter, should be conspicuous elements in the daily bill of fare. It is painful to have to write it where young ladies are concerned, but "tea should be almost always avoided," or, if taken, should merely be allowed to colour the cup "nearly full of milk and cream." We fear that the suffering which this prohibition may entail will hardly be atoned for by Dr. Smith's permission, or rather recommendation, to add two or three spoonfuls of rum to the milk several times a day, and to indulge moderately in home-brewed ale. It will be seen that the regimen here suggested closely resembles that which Mr. Banting found so favourable to the growth of the "parasite" corpulence. "My former dietary table," he writes, "was bread and milk for breakfast, a pint of tea with plenty of milk and sugar, and buttered toast; meat, beer, much bread, and pastry for dinner; the meal of tea similar to that of breakfast; and generally a fruit tart, or bread and milk, for supper."

Dr. Smith's book is by far the most useful we have seen upon all the practical questions connected with the regulation of food, whether for individuals or for families. In the first two chapters he discusses the elements with which it is necessary for the body to be daily supplied, and how far this supply can be rendered by food. In the third chapter he gives the "origin, nutritive qualities, preparation, and cooking of the several foods." And then, in the three remaining chapters, he enters more in detail into the dietary of families, schools, and the labouring classes. Under the second of these heads, he finds great fault with the existing arrangements in many cases. In girls' schools especially, there is often "very great deficiency in the quantity of milk which is eaten, and the meat being allowed only once a day is quite insufficient to remedy it." Dr. Smith's proposed arrangement certainly provides an antidote for both these mischiefs, though whether it is one which school proprietors are likely to carry out as long as the present rage for cheap education continues is at least doubtful. Four meals should be provided daily, and at two at least of these half a pint of milk should be given to each child, with unlimited bread and butter. The dinner should consist of hot fresh meat, with soup or broth when the meat is boiled. "The quantity of meat should be unlimited, and, in order that the pupils may be encouraged to ask again, it is better in large schools that separate joints be distributed over the table, so that one shall be near each knot of pupils, and each pupil be specially invited to ask for a separate supply." Besides this, there should be plenty of fresh vegetables and a constant variety of puddings.

In the chapter on the dietary of the labouring classes, Dr. Smith goes over a good deal of the ground traversed by him in his Report on the food of the agricultural labourer, which we noticed last autumn, and he gives many valuable suggestions as to the ways in which the wealthier portion of society may aid in turning to the best account the existing earnings of the poor. In large towns, the most important perhaps of these is the establishment of cooking depôts, at which the largest possible amount of nourishment may be supplied to the consumer at the least possible cost. In order to secure the permanence of such institutions, care should be taken that the percentage of profits should be large enough to provide for the necessary working expenses after the cost of starting the depôt has been defrayed. Dr. Smith considers that the managers ought to aim at making a profit of about fifty per cent. on the money actually expended in the purchase of food; and he reckons that they may do this, on an average, by selling 8 oz. of good household bread for 1d., $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of potatoes for 1d., boiled meat 3 oz. for 2d., and soup at 1d. per pint. Another service which the rich may do to the poor is to put more milk within their reach. In many parts of the country it is at present not to be purchased in any form, since the farmers make all their new milk into butter and cheese, and feed their pigs on the skim-milk and butter-milk. Thus, any one who will keep cows for the purpose of supplying the poor in his neighbourhood with new milk at 1d. per pint, or, better still, with skim or butter-milk at $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per pint, would confer on them a most appreciable benefit. The relative nutritive values of the three forms obtainable for 1d., when sold at the above prices, are, new milk—carbon 546 grains, nitrogen 43 grains; skim-milk—carbon 1,748 grains, nitrogen 175 grains; butter-milk—carbon, 1,676 grains; nitrogen, 175 grains. In the case of skim-milk, the absence of fat can be supplied in boiling by the addition of a little suet. Not the least valuable part of Dr. Smith's book is the collection of handbills which he gives in an Appendix. Each of them is devoted to a special kind of food, and contains a few plain instructions as to the qualities to be bought, the manner in which it is to be cooked, and its value as compared with other sorts. To reprint and distribute these among the poor would be another mode of assisting them which might be productive of great improvement in their material condition.

* *Practical Dietary for Families, Schools, and the Labouring Classes.* By Edward Smith, M.D., F.R.S. London: Walton & Maberly.

THE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN'S HOUSE.*

PROFESSOR KERR hit a want of the age when he ventured upon writing a book to tell us how to build our country-houses. Fond as Englishmen have always been of the country and its pursuits, various circumstances had combined to make the moderate-sized country-house of the last generation the most inconvenient and the most unsightly of conceivable things. The window tax, the brick duty, and the glass duty had conspired together against it; the artist who designed it was seldom anything better than the nearest builder; while the superstition had infected all classes, from the "first gentleman in Europe" downwards, that in order to be truly rural you were bound to squeeze yourself into rooms alike narrow and low—if not to provide a perpetual vermin-nursery in the shape of a thatched roof. All this is now changed. The desire for, if not the fruition of, artistic beauty is universal, and the sources of that beauty are sought in the now fashionable pursuit of archaeology, while the abolition of the offensive taxes has synchronized with the rapid development of wealth. No house of any pretensions is built except by an architect, and in some "style" or other, and generally with an attempt to make it correspond with the character of the site and scenery. Railroads, without doubt, have been the great cause of the multiplication of country-seats—places of residence and pleasure, not merely estates or agricultural holdings. It is now possible, as it never was before, for the man of business to be habitually in Mincing Lane, and yet to be the inhabitant and improver of some snug rural pleasure. So, for miles and miles along the lines of rail converging upon London, every separate farm that comes into the market is snapped up, and becomes a country place, with its Italian campanile or Gothic tower, its terraced garden, its wellingtonia and araucaria. Such example is contagious, and the substantial citizens of our provincial towns are equally deserting their solid red brick houses in the High Street, and planting wife and chick, poultry and horses, in some more roomy old English villa, a few furlongs off from the last paving flag. These resorts of business men are, generally speaking, much smaller than the old properties of country-bred squires. They have often been formed out of single farms, casually snapped up—so their acres count by the ten, while at the Hall they are counted by the hundred. But the limitation of size is least felt in those portions of the estate which most concern the architect, and his first cousin the ornamental gardener. Tenants and covers there may not be, but the terraced garden and the more informal shrubbery, the vineries and conservatories, the poultry yard and stables, and the mansion itself, with its appliances for constant and large hospitality, will often be found on a scale which vies with similar features in the residences of the lord-lieutenant, and of the hereditary owner of half a dozen parishes. In short, the English city man is becoming very like the wealthy Dutchman in the way he loves the country. In Holland there has of old existed a universal affection for a country life among the easy classes, while land itself is dear and parcelled out in small lots, and the idea of accumulating it as an investment is wholly unknown. The conformation, too, of the country compels the landscape gardener to create his own scenery for himself, by planting and banking within the fence of the domain. So every one who can at all afford it has his seat in Holland, while nobody has a sizeable estate. The difference between the two countries is that the Dutch, totally backward in hygienic principles, and loving to be cosy together, seem to vie with each other in making their residences as small and as like doll-houses as possible; while the sumptuous and active Englishman, in his love of fresh air and elbow-room, expands into the architectural mansion.

Professor Kerr is right to treat all country-houses, from the cottage which dominates its territory of ten acres to Blenheim, as of the same nature, though differing in size. In so handling his subject, he has brought together a vast amount of useful information, evidently the fruit of much study. This technical method of treatment has, however, led him into the fault of a rather too dogmatic style. We continually find him laying down, as from the professorial chair, the laws of "shall" and "shall not" about a hundred details, as if country-houses could, like medicines, be prescribed for and made up. There is no little risk of their following the habitual fate of precocious children, and becoming "too good" under such treatment. While the controlling mind of the architect ought never to be absent, it would be a great misfortune if the tastes or the whims of the occupant were to be put aside and stifled. It is to the infinite multiplicity of Englishmen's predilections that our country-houses owe a vast amount of their variety, and not a little of their picturesqueness. One man is bookish, and so the lofty and spacious library becomes the accredited "house-place" for family and company. In another mansion, the airy billiard-room, with its facilities for smoking, gives the occasion for an effective sky line. This lady, sociable, domestic, and rejoicing in her well-filled quiver, demands an ample and cheerful morning-room, which is soon, for all practical purposes, treated as the drawing-room for friend, and child, and everybody, in contempt of the more pompous apartment which legitimately bears that name. The next squire won't be interrupted, and makes the architect excavate a veritable bomb-proof in

the thickness of the house-walls as her boudoir. This squire will have his conservatory, that one his tennis-court, in absolute juxtaposition to the mansion. Nay, in these enlightened days, photography and ornithology put in their claims for the best places. We have heard of a belted earl in an eastern county who had a stable so intimately joined on to his house, that ladies and gentlemen wiled away the hours after dinner by a visit to the horses. These and a hundred other deviations from the orthodox faith, as revealed by the Professor, give to our country-houses their originality. What if the tastes of the next heir happen to be the reverse of those of his predecessor? he will have something to think of and something upon which to spend his money profitably, while it will be the fault of himself or of the architect if his patching and altering do not add to the picturesqueness of the pile. The man who loves books succeeds to the one who cultivated billiards, and the problem how best to fit up a library in or out of the billiard-room looms up in all its immensity. The buxom mother of children steps, side by side of her admiring lord, into the house which some careful bachelor had cunningly devised, and weighty cares of where to place the day and where the night nursery, and what to appropriate towards or how to build the school-room, oppress the parental breast. Yet how preposterous would it be to expect that every house-builder should forecast and pre-arrange all the accidents of taste, fashion, or convenience which are likely to dominate his possible successors! In a well-known country-house where literature seems to have made an hereditary home, a continuously accumulating library is amply housed in a series of rooms in a wing which must have been originally built as sleeping-rooms for servants or superfluous guests. Now that series of chambers and of corridors, one opening into the other, and accessible from the house itself, to those who wish to read, by a curved corridor, forms a library, spacious, picturesque, and quiet, though placed in defiance of all the rules which any codifier of house-building could have conceived.

In face of these obvious considerations, we must protest against dicta so arbitrary as the following which Professor Kerr propounds:—

The principal staircase in a country residence is no more than the ascent to the sleeping-rooms of the main house. It loses, therefore, some part of the stateliness which attaches to it in town mansions of any magnitude, where the drawing-rooms necessarily occupy the first floor.

No doubt in modern country-houses the principal rooms are generally on the ground-floor, from the facility which this arrangement gives for access to the gardens. But in the grandest and largest of our older mansions the contrary was the case, and no cause is shown why the more ancient plan, which has its many advantages, should not be propounded as a perfectly allowable alternative. Besides, it stands to reason that, in a country-house, where space is not of so much value, advantage may be taken of elbow-room to display the staircase in a way which is hardly possible upon the more limited and expensive area of a town-house, excepting only such piles as Stafford House or Bridgewater House, which are really country places which have gone into London and left their parks behind them. The staircase in a large and dignified country-house is always something more important and lifelike than a mere method of getting to the upper stories. It is a statue gallery, an indoors conservatory, a wall space for family pictures or tapestry, a lounging-place in general for all the men and half the women; and it should be made spacious accordingly, and dignified by the architect who knows the world a little, and understands that no part of the mansion will be more carefully scanned.

Two considerations there are on which we could have wished that Mr. Kerr had dogmatized with a more certain and persistent sound, for they are, we believe, essential to the comfort and popularity of a country-house. The first is one on which he has touched, but without apparently realizing its fundamental importance. It is that the dining-room and the kitchen in all new houses ought (unless some special obstacle intervenes) to form the point of departure in the ground-plan, and be built in correspondence with each other—not, of course, so near as to let the smells of the one escape into the other, but with immediate communication by lift, or hatch, or railway, and with no public corridors interposed, but only a serving room, or at most a private passage for the waiters. This serving-room should, if properly planned, have its peculiar usefulness in the domestic economy, for it will be used as a washing-room for the glass and crockery in common daily use, which will be duly cupboarded in it along with the needful water-tap and sink. It is not merely in the warmth of the meals and the quiet of his home that the man gains who so forecasts the connection of cooking and eating. The saving of time and temper and physical strength to the servants, and the possible contingent economy in the number of those who have to be employed, is an ample repayment for any trouble which the devising of such a plan may occasion. The golden rule, in short, is, Do not punish your attendants by imposing on them the carriage of trays up staircases or along long ranges; a lift overcomes the vertical, and a tramway the horizontal, distance. For the servants' meals, a hatch in some other part of the kitchen gives ingress and egress, and checks the dangerous institution of "followers." The next point has wholly escaped Professor Kerr's keen eye. We assert, and we dare contradiction, that in planning the bedrooms, the old-fashioned notion of building a certain number of large "married" sleeping rooms, with small and frequently fireless, and still oftener bedless, dressing-rooms or rather closets attached, and with another

* *The Gentleman's House, or How to Plan English Residences, from the Parsonage to the Palace.* By Robert Kerr, F.R.I.B.A., Architect, Professor of the Arts of Construction in King's College. London: John Murray.

lot of isolated rooms surnamed bachelors', but applicable also to the spinster gender, should be abandoned in favour (as far as possible) of arranging a series of moderate-sized rooms in couples. One room in the pair may be rather smaller than the other, though this is not really needful. Each couplet would then be equally serviceable for the married pair or for two single guests—double doors, which are practically found to exclude sound, capable of being locked on both sides, being of course provided between the rooms. The old system is in every way inconvenient, if not really barbarous. It may vexatiously interfere with all that is very important to the visitors themselves, but which hosts and strangers have nothing to do with and can know nothing about, and so it may most painfully inconvenience those guests whom the master of the house most wishes to honour and please. Besides, it robs each guest, man or woman, of the facility of sitting by himself or herself in his or her own room during the daytime. It is equally inconvenient to the entertainer, did he but appreciate his own position, for it makes the house unelastic. A house built on the old plan, with two large bedrooms, each furnished with its dressing-closet, and four bachelor rooms, can of course take in two married couples and four single folk; or it may accommodate six single visitors—two of them sumptuously; but on a pinch it cannot lodge eight single people. Let it, however, be laid out with four couples of rooms, each of moderate but healthy dimensions, and each furnished with its own bed and its own fireplace, and then the host may, at his pleasure, ask eight single guests, or four married couples, or any other combination of eight people whom he may like to bring together.

Professor Kerr has accumulated a large and various body of information compendiously arranged, and copiously illustrated by plans, upon the archaeology of country-houses from Saxon days downwards, on which we have not space to enter. His own architectural position is the now-a-days not uncommon one of the anti-Gothic architect, who arms his classic bow with many an arrow drawn from the Gothic quiver. At the close of the book, he dares, with commendable ingenuity, to construct on the same groundplan ten competing houses—Elizabethan, Palladian, "Elizabethan revived," Rural Italian, Italian Palatial, French Renaissance, English Renaissance, "medieval" Cottage, and Scotch Gothic. We never, however, quite heartily accept the lion whom the man has painted. At all events the artist need not construct the lion and the elephant on the same skeleton.

DRAMAS OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS.*

THE republication of these dramas is hardly calculated to advance M. Dumas's reputation. As the most prolific novelist of his age, he enjoys a not undeserved celebrity. He has many of the gifts requisite for composing a story in the narrative form. Briskness, unflinching vivacity, ingenuity in dovetailing incidents, skill in flavouring fiction with a *soupeon* of history which makes it more appetising—these are talents which fit him for writing a semi-historical novel or a tale of adventure. But when he deserts the third person, and drops the narrative form for the dramatic, he quits a sphere in which he is well qualified to achieve success for one in which he must disappoint even his most devoted admirer. In a dramatic work, incidents fall into the background, and persons come to the front, and it is just this reversal of the conditions applicable to novels of the Dumas kind which proves fatal to their author's success as a dramatist. A want of depth and penetrative force at once discloses itself; the sentiments are thin and flimsy; the talk is unequal to the situation; and the heroes and heroines of impossible careers vent their feelings in a series of trivial and commonplace utterances. The limited nature of M. Dumas's imaginative powers strikes the reader in his plays far more forcibly than in his novels, and for the simple reason that a drama taxes the author's imagination far more heavily than a novel. In adopting the dramatic form he gets, as it were, nearer to his subject, and must grapple with it more vigorously. It must be made to yield much more under his manipulation. From its greater rigidity, the narrative form is less well adapted for conveying his thought with precision, or reflecting the delicate phases of a situation. But the increased convenience of the dramatic machinery brings with it, to the author who avails himself of it, increased responsibility. He must know how to use it properly. He must be capable of turning his vantage-ground to the fullest account. Else his insufficiency for the task he has undertaken will only become more glaringly apparent. The poverty of imagination and shallowness of conception which in a novel might escape, or at all events not attract notice, are liable to be brought into full view by the adoption of the dramatic form, so rich and varied in its capabilities. These works of M. Dumas are an instance of this. He should take his stand upon his novels, for the composition of which he possesses indisputable qualifications, not on his dramas—a branch of literature for which he possesses none, or certainly not the essential ones. It is curious to notice how seldom the qualifications for writing a drama and a novel have been found in one and the same person. One can hardly fancy Sir Walter Scott, a consummate master of narrative, shining as a dramatic author; and perhaps of living English writers there is no one, with the exception of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, capable of eminence in both lines. No amount of spasmodic bustle, which is the speciality of M. Dumas's

dramas, can make up for the absence of that play of motive and action, those pregnant glimpses into the subtle and intricate workings of the human heart and brain, that insight into character, and those touches of humour which are essential to a really great drama.

Neither in writing for the stage nor for the circulating library has M. Dumas shown much regard for probability. One wonders what Voltaire, with his aversion for any but "reasonable" tragedy, would have thought of the mammoth drama which its author dignifies by the title of the "dramatic epopée" of Monte Christo. It is not merely that the mysterious Count bears unmistakable marks of being the embodiment of the author's peculiar notion of the sublime, which consists apparently in the possession of innumerable diamonds and unlimited powers of locomotion. The idea of a man being subjected at the outset of life to a grievous wrong, then coming by an accident into the possession of inexhaustible wealth, and using it for the purpose of rewarding his friends and punishing his enemies, is by no means too extravagant to be made the groundwork of a fiction. It is in the details by which this plot is carried out, and the contrivances which he employs to reach his end, that M. Dumas fairly gives his imagination the reins. Improbability in the machinery of a story is far more obtrusive than improbability in the design, and weakens to a far greater extent the reader's interest. It is much more easy to swallow one great fundamental absurdity than a constant repetition of petty absurdities. Compare, for instance, in this respect, the writings of Edgar Poe with those of M. Dumas. The former starts by asking you to take on faith something plainly and astoundingly impossible; but having, as it were, gained a hearing for his hypothesis, he maintains it in such an easy natural manner, by so many nice and specious gradations, with so scrupulous an outward deference to experience and reality, that the original absurdity of the whole is lost sight of. Not so M. Dumas. He may not deal with subjects so marvellous as descents into Mæli-stroms, ascents to the moon, or the resuscitation of corpses; but his pages bristle with the most wildly improbable details. He is always executing a brisk harlequinade, in flagrant disregard of natural laws and the conditions which ordinarily govern human affairs. If the exigencies of his story require that a body flung into the sea should not sink, he at once makes it swim. Ubiquity and a Protean power of metamorphosis are the merest bagatelles to be lavished on his hero. If that amiable personage requires for his fantastic projects of vengeance a particular house or locality, it needs but a stroke of the great magician's pen—and hey, presto, he is in possession. If walls oppose M. Dumas, so much the worse for the walls. Jericho itself would have fallen before one blast of his cheery self-complacent trumpet. There is a delicious little scene in the fourth part of *Monte Christo*, where the Count wants to gain secret access to the house next his own, in order to prevent a young lady being poisoned by her step-mother. Another author might have felt a moment's doubt how this should be effected, but M. Dumas brushes the difficulty aside as he would a fly. The following dialogue ensues between the Count and his Corsican retainer:—

Monte Christo. "Bertuccio! faites appeler mon architecte; il a le plan de la maison voisine de celle-ci; il faut qu'il me passe une porte derrière ce tableau. Le reste me regarde. Je désire trouver la chose faite dans deux heures, vous entendez?"

Bertuccio. "Oui, monsieur le comte!"

And yet we know, as a matter of fact, that bodies tied up in a sack, with a cannon ball to weight them, have a way of going to the bottom; that there are physical obstacles to instantaneous changes of position and garb; that proprietorship in great cities can hardly be arbitrarily interrupted, and that a respectable architect would not be likely to lend his aid in a burglary. The marvellous incidents in which M. Dumas revels could only occur in that merry but chaotic state of things which we associate with a Christmas pantomime.

It is impossible to criticize the morality of a work like *Monte Christo* in a very serious spirit. There is such a hearty materialism about all that M. Dumas writes, his out-look is so palpably bounded, the ideal is so frankly ignored, his creations are so plainly mere machines for churning out the requisite amount of sentiment and accomplishing the requisite number of prodigious actions, that it would be a poor compliment to the author to expect them to behave like responsible beings, or exhibit the faintest trace of the meaning of a moral obligation. We know of few things more comic than the scene in which M. Morell, finding his affairs on the brink of ruin, quietly prepares for suicide. Self-murder is evidently regarded, not merely as the only course becoming an unsuccessful speculator, but as an act, under certain circumstances, intrinsically sublime. M. Morell's family retire, to allow him to blow out his brains in a dignified and leisurely manner, and his son is with difficulty restrained from copying his parent's noble example. The following colloquy takes place between father and son:—

Maximilien. Et dans une demi-heure, notre nom est déshonoré?

Morell. Le sang lave le déshonneur.

Maximilien. Vous avez raison, mon père, et je vous comprends. Il y en a un pour vous, il y en a un pour moi. Merci...

Morell. Et ta mère... ta sœur... qui les nourrira?

Maximilien. Mon père, songez que vous me dites de vivre?

Morell. Oui, je te le dis, c'est ton devoir... Examine la situation comme si tu y étais étranger, et juge-la toi-même.

Maximilien. C'est bien, mon père... je vivrai.

One is glad that an "examination of the situation" leads the young man so promptly to the wise decision to live a little longer. There

* *Théâtre Complet d'Alexandre Dumas.* Vols. VII. and VIII. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1864.

is no such symptom of faltering in the measure which M. Dumas metes out to his hero's enemies. To be sure, there is something rather whimsical in the notion of a retributive Providence, as the Count is always proclaiming himself, condescending to write anonymous paragraphs in the newspapers, and giving a lady gratuitous instruction in the composition of "aqua tofana." But the accumulation of horrors by which the guilty Villefort is overwhelmed would satisfy the most exacting of Transpontine playgoers. He is stabbed in the act of burying alive the offspring of an illicit amour. He has to condemn his own son on a charge of murder. His wife is another Brinvilliers, who poisons his mother-in-law and daughter. Finally, he makes his exit, and no wonder, as a raving madman. Thrilling as the Nemesis unquestionably is, one can hardly wonder that its development proved somewhat wearisome and nauseous when it was first presented to a British audience.

The *Chevalier de Maison Rouge* is based on an apocryphal episode of the French Revolution—namely, the attempt made by the mysterious personage who gives a name to the play to rescue Marie Antoinette from her durance in the Temple, by establishing a communication between the prison and the cellars of a neighbouring house. Such a subject might be effectively treated, from a dramatic point of view, in one of two ways. It might be made highly pathetic by concentrating the interest on a few leading characters, and notably on that of the ill-fated Queen; or the spectator might be kept in a state of breathless excitement and suspense by an ingenious concatenation of small incidents, all pointing in one direction and leading up to the grand crisis. M. Dumas inclines, perhaps, to the latter method of treatment, but his scenes have not that close connection and logical sequence which are indispensable to a literary "effect" of this kind. It is one of M. Dumas' chief faults, as a dramatist, that he fritters away the interest of his story by a needless multiplication of accessories and an exuberance of trivial dialogue. The action of this drama is chiefly carried on by means of a romantic attachment between a young Jacobin leader and the wife of one of the Royalist conspirators. Upon the failure of the enterprise, Geneviève is denounced, and in order to die with her, Maurice denounces himself to the Revolutionary Tribunal. The lovers are saved through the heroic self-devotion of a friend who, at the last moment, takes Maurice's place in the Chamber of Death at the Conciergerie—an incident which Mr. Dickens has borrowed in his *Tale of Two Cities*. The *Cachemire Vert*, which concludes the first of these volumes, is a little one-act comedy, of that airy sort which is so characteristic of the French stage, and which had the good fortune to obtain for its chief interpreter Madame Rose Cheri. The point consists in the attempts which an impulsive young sailor makes to delay the journey of a charming widow in whose company he had crossed from Dover to Calais. He begins by delating her to the custom-house officials as the smuggler of a Cashmere shawl. Then he buys up all the available post-chaises and horses, on the pretence of sending them to Boulogne for oysters. Lastly, he purloins her passport, and, as a notorious criminal of the fair sex is expected that way, for whom she is mistaken, the situation becomes awkward. The only escape from it lies in availing herself of the gallant Captain's passport, in which, as he had gone abroad intending to marry, provision was made for a wife as well as for himself. M. Dumas appears to advantage in a dramatic trifle of this kind.

We cannot say as much of him in the capacity of Shakspearian translator. Of the French writers who have essayed the seemingly impossible task of inculcating their countrymen with a due appreciation of the great English poet, M. Dumas is probably the least fitted to succeed in the attempt. The spirit in which M. Alfred de Vigny approaches the same work is admirable, and if he fails it is because, as he himself admits, French dramatic forms are incapable of accommodating themselves to Shakspeare's varied rhythm and pregnant meaning. But in the hands of most French translators Shakspeare is a kind of noble savage, whom they catch, and tame, and trim, and soften, till he becomes quite as "reasonable" as their own Voltaire could desire. They admit that he has sublime moments, but they think him grossly inattentive to "les convenances," and his language sadly wanting in precision. These defects they set themselves to remedy. Unfortunately, the process ends in utter emasculation. But M. Dumas goes much further than this. His *Hamlet* is a feeble paraphrase of the original, so much diluted as to be in parts barely recognisable. Who, for instance, would suppose the following couplet to be a translation of the memorable prose passage in Act ii. beginning "What a piece of work is Man"—

L'homme est beau ! l'homme est roi des choses éternelles !
Son front a des rayons, et son âme a des ailes !

But he reaches the extremity of bad taste when he ventures to overlay the pathos of a Shakspearian situation with a meretricious varnish of his own. M. Dumas evidently considers the Ghost far too valuable a stage property to part with in the middle of a tragedy. He resuscitates him for the closing scene, and the play ends in an animated quintet between Hamlet, the Ghost, Gertrude, Claudius, and Laertes. To each the Ghost announces an appropriate doom. He rebukes the crime of Laertes; assures the Queen of the forgiveness of Heaven as an "âme trop faible," whose only sin was too much loving; and sternly bids the King prepare for the devouring flames of hell, with the words, "désespère et meurs." Finally, to Hamlet's mild inquiry as to what will be done to him for killing four persons, when he had

been enjoined to kill one only, he replies by a promise of immortality:—

Est-ce que Dieu sur moi fera peser son bras ;
Père ? et quel châtement m'attend donc ?

Le Fantôme. Tu vivras !

An excellent tag to bring down the gallery.

HENRY HOLBEACH.*

THE author of *Henry Holbeach* appears to be one of those misguided gentlemen who imagine that, the time being "out of joint," it is their special mission to "set it right." Unfortunately, unlike Hamlet, they think it is no "cursed spite" that has called them to the work, so that the self-complacency with which they labour at the task is wonderful to behold. Here we have two respectable-sized volumes, described on the title-page as "a narrative and a discussion"—the narrative filling only about one-ninth of the first volume, the remainder of the first and the whole of the second being devoted to the exposition of the writer's "views" on things in general, set forth in the fashion cultivated by the followers of Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Helps, and, in a smaller way, "A. K. H. B." of *Fraser's Magazine*. Indeed, if ever any of these three personages should chance to read the books which the writer before us and others of the same school have given to the world, his remorse at the proceedings of his progeny ought abundantly to check any emotions of self-satisfaction with which he may think of his own popularity with his generation. The "narrative," it is true, which figures so largely in the title and so meagrely in the book itself, is an illustration of the old saying that almost anybody who will simply and faithfully record what he has heard and seen in life is in a position to add to the public stock of amusement or of information. To the outer world this "study of an obscure Puritan colony" is entertaining and instructive, even after the more vivid pictures of Dissenting life painted by the author of *Salem Chapel*. Although we have here nothing like the inimitable buttermilk and the pink-shouldered Phoebe, yet the portraits of the Ultra-Calvinistic Arian community—a combination of theological monstrosities which we confess we had always thought impossible—are so evidently drawn from the life that they will bear comparison with the most characteristic bits in their more brilliant predecessor. Graveley Parva is a dull and plebeian little place in contrast with the half-aristocratic Carlingford, but its odd combination of the most repulsive distortion of Christianity, not only with the tedious routine of humble life, but with an honest religious sincerity, is perhaps more thoroughly real and true to nature than the struggles between the enthusiastic Vincent and the grovelling shopkeepers amidst whom his fate had thrown him. There is nothing perhaps very dramatic in the following, but its truth is literal to the last degree. One can almost see the plain, ill-dressed women who wrote letters on "births, deaths, and marriages, and final perseverance":—

The room is full of fat farmer uncles, and very prim aunts. The fat uncles are solemnly smoking. The aunts sitting erect on their chairs, ruminating like so many old cows. Two or three children present are pretty miserable, and suffering agonies of bashfulness. Such talk as there is is theological.

Uncle John. Yes; we know the word—"I will never leave thee,"—(puff, puff, puff.)

Uncle Benjamin. "Nor forsake thee,"—(puff, puff, puff.)

Aunt Frances. "Though painful at present,"

Aunt Hannah. "Twill cease before long."

A dead silence now ensues. The children, or some of them, have, by the contagion of sympathy, caught up the real ultimate pathos of all this. They quite understand that reference to what is "painful at present"—they know it means temptations; and, having heard so much about the necessity of deep convictions of sin before any soul can go to Christ for salvation, they have a vague but deeply distressing suspicion that they have never yet felt wicked enough.

Some amusing samples of Calvinistic verse and other such compositions add variety to the narrative, and we can imagine that one of the Little Meetings of Graveley must have been the author of that intensely Predestinarian hymn which opens with the well-known burst:—

Search all Paul's epistles, you rotten Arminian,
And you won't find one text to support your opinion.

The sketch of the "horribly grotesque old sinner" who was the Church parson of the parish seems also to be drawn from the life; and, in charity to the author, we must further conclude that he has not drawn upon his imagination for his story of two wild members of the "High Calvinistic Arian" body, who played at whist on the chapel communion table, with a corpse laid upon it to enact the part of dummy. If the story be really true, it is about the most hideous exhibition of the demoralizing effects of thorough Antinomian Calvinism which we can call to mind.

The remainder of *Henry Holbeach*, the preface included, is a proof that its author has yet to learn how very small is the interest which people excite in the minds of any but their very nearest and dearest friends. Profoundly interesting as every man is to himself, and important and original as all speculations appear to those in whose minds they are carried on, there is no greater mistake than the notion that they are necessarily in the smallest degree interesting to anybody else in the whole world. And, of all bores, the man who can only talk about himself is the

* *Henry Holbeach, Student in Life and Philosophy; a Narrative and a Discussion.* 2 vols. London: Alexander Strahan.

bore of the greatest magnitude. He is even (if that is possible) a mightier bore than the man who talks about his relations, or the woman who talks about her children. And such is the writer who, under the very awkwardly sustained disguise of "Henry Holbeach," desires to inform us what he thinks and feels about the subjects in which he happens to be interested, and the books he happens to have read. A slight suspicion, indeed, seems to have crossed his mind that an unsympathizing world will set him down as a conceited egotist, for in his preface the so-called "Editor" of the Holbeach papers assures us that, whatever he may seem, he was certainly the most modest of men. Nevertheless, the book is as dull and wearisome a *salmagundi* of all the odds and ends that a tolerably clever and intensely self-complacent gentleman could put upon paper as it has been our weary duty to toil through for months past. It was a newspaper joke against Sir Robert Peel that the compositors were often seriously put to it to supply the letter I in sufficient quantities to print his speeches for the next morning's issue; but Sir Robert was nothing to this "Mr. Holbeach." We take up his second volume, and open it where the leaves accidentally part. It is the beginning of a "controversial letter" to "Alexander Bain, Esq., A.M., &c. &c." In the first half-page the word "I" occurs no less than nine times, and so from beginning to end of these papers and letters. They are not, in any real sense of the term, criticisms or disquisitions, but rather the unending flux of the writer's personal likings and dislikings, approvals and disapprovals. Never for a moment does he seem able to forget himself, or to remember that the statement of his individual opinions about the profoundest matters that can occupy the human intelligence is no more interesting to those who are strangers to him than his taste in wines or dishes, or the exact amount of his balance at his banker's. No person who wishes to be listened to by his generation should forget that an unknown man, be his qualifications what they may, is simply nobody. He can only get a hearing by presenting to his listeners something that is valuable or attractive in itself, without the smallest reference to his own personal merits. No one cares a straw for dogmatic egotism. Even the popular preacher, who is of all men the most dogmatic and the most egotistic, is forced to veil the intensity of his self-contemplation in the guise of a veneration for certain objective doctrinal mysteries. Cleverness in detecting the weak points in popular delusions, and a sincere wish to be fair and candid to all men—both of which merits are to be conceded to "Mr. Holbeach"—are very far from giving a man a title to come forward and claim the sympathy of the world with his individual fancies. Every one of us may rest assured that his acquaintances, and the world in general, are far enough from endorsing his own estimate of his importance and of his qualifications for the office of instructor. But that it lies printed before our eyes, we could scarcely have believed that any man who is so far from a simpleton as our author could persuade himself that such an anecdote as the following would find credence even with the most credulous:—

Well do I remember saying to my seniors when I was a very little boy, "If you flog at all, you should flog more! When a boy resists, you have no right to stop till he gives in, or till you have killed him." And I was perfectly correct. In return I used to get things thrown at my head, or else solemn assurances that when older I should be wiser; but, sir, I never got an answer, and I am, at present, no wiser.

We do not happen to be in the secret of the views of the Rev. F. D. Maurice, to whom this reminiscence is addressed, as to the propriety of whipping small boys. But if he takes the common view on that great subject, it strikes us as possible that he might suggest that Mr. Holbeach's "seniors" certainly did not err on the side of too little scourging of his tender cuticle. At the same time his own device for the correction of naughty boys is the funniest thing conceivable, at least so far as any meaning can be extracted from his words. An obstinate boy is not to be whipped, but the "whole school is voluntarily to put itself in penitence on account of his attitude." What, indeed, *can* this mean? What is the attitude that is thus mysteriously suggested? Are we to imagine that the preliminary process is just completed, and that, when the birch is about to descend on the "obstinate boy," his school-fellows, impelled by one self-sacrificing inspiration, suddenly go down upon their knees, and so arrest the uplifted arm of the judgment-executing pedagogue? The thought is affecting, but we can agree with "Mr. Holbeach" that the influence of the proceeding would be irresistible by the obstinate boy in question. And in the meantime we are relieved by finding that "Mr. Holbeach" thinks it is just possible that the morals of certain delinquents may be improved by their being kicked; but, he says, "something must depend on who it is that does the kicking." And then he adds, "a kick from the late Bishop Mackenzie would probably have gone further than a kick from a hired prizefighter." If the reader suspects that he is being hoaxed, we can assure him that he will find the very words he has just read at page 72 in "Mr. Holbeach's" second volume.

The same deficiency in a sense of the absurd lies, it is to be suspected, at the root of the personal displays in general which writers like "Mr. Holbeach" indulge in. There are persons possessing a keen sense of the ridiculous in others who seem nevertheless to be incapable of detecting its existence in anything they say or do themselves. The defect is curious, but it is often to be witnessed both in books and in private society. Many a man imagines that he is amusing his hearers by his wit or humour, when in fact he is simply being laughed at. It never crosses his mind that one who

possesses so keen an appreciation of the absurd in others should be utterly insensible to the ludicrous aspect of his own conduct. The very ridicule that his follies excite is thus converted into ever fresh food for his conceit, for he takes it for a testimony to the brilliancy of the gifts on which he prides himself. What must be "Mr. Holbeach's" notions of the absurd, when he gravely informs us that in his own mother the "organ of philoprogenitiveness" was so strongly marked as to make the arrangement of her hair a task of some difficulty." He adds that the same organ is "strongly marked in my own head," and that "the peculiarity is continued in a boy of mine." Not being quite clear as to what this "philoprogenitiveness" is, we are in doubt whether it includes a love for the production of literary offspring and a delight in their contemplation. If so, the existence of the book before us is partly to be accounted for. But the whole of "Mr. Holbeach's" remarks on his own skull, and on the gifts there indicated, are perfectly charming for the unconscious self-exhibition which they supply. "Place," he cries, "the administration of a railway before me, and I shall have no more difficulty in picking out the engineer than I should have in telling a poet, if I saw him." To the same defect must, in all charity, be attributed the flippancy with which "Mr. Holbeach" too often indulges when treating serious subjects of the profoundest moment. He has a chapter which he calls "the Weighing of the Pig," in which he discusses such questions as the Nature of God, Providence, Free Will, and Resistance to the Forces of the Universe, in a style borrowed—and disfigured in the borrowing—from the worst examples of Mr. Carlyle, and concluding as follows:—

Let us wind up with the Ever Inexplicable Pig, yours or mine—yours and mine—which never weighs the exact thing it was expected to weigh, in spite of a sub-current of expectation that ought to have kept the result and the anticipation on the square. He would be thought an ungainly humourist who should say to (suppose) a friend whom, in some unavoidable conflict of lots or divergence of paths, he had unwillingly put to pain:—"Brother, life cannot proceed without a good deal of moral going on trust; and, at some point on our Ascending Spirals, we shall meet and square accounts." Never mind Spirals! Better to turn the spiral downwards, and, applying it in the shape of a corkscrew to the wine of the present, drink to the approximate adjustment of weights realized and weights expected in psychological poriculture. Brother, sister, no heel-taps: Here's your pig! And my pig! And all good Christians, I pray Heaven!

Detailed and serious criticism on the taste which could dictate such outbreaks as the foregoing would surely be thrown away.

POYER'S ST. THOMAS À BECKET, AND OTHER POEMS.

IN reviewing this book we will begin at the end. The last piece is "An Ode to 'the Reader.'" We doubted whether this "Reader" was the "lector benevolus," the "gentle reader," of whom we used to hear so much in old-world prefaces, or whether it was that more terrible "general reader" whom certain wary Editors are said to hold up as a bugbear to over-learned contributors. The "Reader", however, who is addressed in the ode is neither the "gentle" nor the "general" reader, but one of our own order, the literary paper which bears that name. Translated into plain prose, the ode seems to imply that Mr. Poyer's book called *Anti-Colenso*, whose existence is proclaimed in his title-page, was somewhat severely handled in the *Reader's* critical columns. Luckily, or unluckily, if we ever saw either the book or the article, we have forgotten both. We therefore know nothing of the rights and wrongs of the case, and are spared, through our very ignorance, the pain of having to sit as a Court of Appeal on a brother critic. We gather, however, that Mr. Poyer's book was highly metaphorical, that Mr. Poyer stood on the brink of a river, like Caesar, and heard a voice, which we do not remember that Caesar did hear. We doubt whether this style of argument was exactly suited to win back the mathematical Prelate from his errors, and we are not surprised that it was not altogether appreciated by our contemporary. But let Mr. Poyer describe his own work:—

Chanced it that now your humble servant,
The lists did enter, all observant;
And met the foeman, nothing fearing,
And sought to get a calmer hearing.
And show'd the fight was all mistaken,
For that the Book was quite forsaken;
And ne'er once came into the issue,
And what was spun mere cobweb tissue.
And as the ground of his endeavour,
Not being, like "The Reader," clever;
He put it that "a voice" had won him,
Bright and incisive as the sun-beam.

This we do not profess to understand, and the one thing which does very distinctly occur to us is a feeling of wonder that any human ear can accept "won him" and "sun-beam" as a rhyme. But Mr. Poyer is even less particular than Mr. Samuel Ferguson. With him "apparent" and "warrant," "billow" and "hollow," "told him" and "beholding," "question" and "listen," "nature" and "crater," "complacent" and "decent" (*dacent?*), and, more wonderful than all, "green O" and "Colenso," are all enough to express "the jingle of endings." How "green O" and "Colenso" came together nobody will guess, so we must give the lines, which, after all, do not make it any clearer:—

The time was ere the leaf was green, O,
And fight was made about Colenso;

* *St. Thomas à Becket, and other Poems.* By John Poyer, 2^d author of "*Anti-Colenso*," &c. London: Moxon & Co. 1865.

And all things seem'd to wreck agoing,
And critics were with wit o'erflowing.

We must quote the comparison between Poyer and Cæsar, and then we will retreat to parts of the book which are more within the compass of our understanding:—

Feign'd he to stand where stood pale Cæsar,
What time he proved the World's great teaser;
To stand with him long inly musing,
To cross or not, where all's confusing.

Feign'd he that while he stood thus fearing,
And all seem'd dark and strange anear him;
And rapid flew the mystic water,
Nor utter'd what might come hereafter.

This inner "voice" awoke with singing,
A mighty power with it bringing,
And bade him cross and march e'er onward,
With banner writ "for ever onward."

"Water" and "hereafter" strikes us as a rhyme no less queer than any of the others.

The book is divided into three parts, "Cum Saltū," "Cum Lyrā," "Cum Risū," Bishop Colenso and the *Reader* coming under the last head. Under "Cum Lyrā" we have "Weber's Last Waltz"—we will do Mr. Poyer the justice to say that he does not write *False*—which, for a moment, we thought ought rather to come under the head "Cum Saltū," but we perceived that we were carnally-minded, and that it was only music, as music, that Mr. Poyer was writing about. Still the division "Cum Saltū" puzzled us. As the first and longest piece is "St. Thomas à Becket," the first thing that came into our heads was the phrase of episcopal consecration "per saltum"; but though St. Thomas's consecration came practically very near to a consecration "per saltum," yet, as he was a mere Presbyter for a very short time, it did not quite answer the legal description. Another "Cum Saltū" piece is about Lady Godiva, and here we get a glimmering of light. The "saltus" here might very well express the unusual agility with which the lady, unencumbered by a skirt, may be supposed to have sprung upon her palfrey. As for "St. Thomas à Becket," we suppose it does not do to turn antiquarian on these occasions, still we must confess that the formula "St. Thomas à Becket" does grate on our eyes. "Thomas Becket," if he pleases, "St. Thomas of Canterbury," if he pleases, but not "St. Thomas à Becket." This vulgarism of the *à* or *a*, wherever it came from and whatever it is supposed to mean, finds its way even into Mr. Poyer's verse. The poem itself is a narrative, in the metre of Gray's *Elegy*, one of the noblest metres in the language for its proper purposes, but one hardly suited for a long narrative, and most certainly not suited for Mr. Poyer. In his hands it sometimes becomes plain prose, and sometimes so wonderfully metaphorical that we cannot understand it. The age when Thomas was born is thus curiously marked out:—

E'en now, when Norse and Saxon blent their life,
And made "one music" in a quiet home,
And gleam'd no more in air the awful knife,
But lyric song and prayer went up the dome.

The knife and the dome are utterly beyond us; and the description of Thomas's birth is more wonderful still. Of course we have the story of the Saracen maiden; in verse one could hardly be satisfied with plain Gilbert of Rouen and Matilda (or Rohesia) of Caen. Still, on any showing, we did not know that there was anything miraculous about Thomas's actual birth, as Mr. Poyer's verses seem to imply:—

There, in that goodly house, one stormy night,
When swept the angry blast the sleeping plain,
A wondrous babe came down the darksome light,
His heralds wailing wind and flowing rain.

There woke from heavenly sleep A'Becket's child,
There came he mid that elemental roar,
There 'gan his course upon this howling Wild,
There Angels to him oped Earth's tragic door.

Conspired the ardent East to build his frame,
For flow'd the Syrian sun within his veins;
Conspired the Pleiads sweet to form his name,
While Love came with him from the Syrian plains.

What is meant by a wondrous babe coming down the darksome light, we know as little as we know what "darksome light" is, or how the Pleiads conspire to form the name Thomas. The six letters indeed may answer to the six Atlantes, after one of them was put out for an escapade with a mortal; but this is as near as we can get, and that is pretty far off. The story of Thomas from birth to martyrdom is told by Mr. Poyer in what we think a prosaic style, though very likely other people may think differently. Here is the return of the Saint:—

And now A'Becket to his Province come,
Did interlopers turn from out his fold;
Placed he the exiles in their long lost home,
And to the poor gave freely of his gold.

But was it seen, though active thus for good,
The great ones of the World did come not near;
While Brock, and other fœmen fierce and rude,
A'Becket's folk did beat, and kill his deer.

As an important incident is here left out by Mr. Poyer, we cannot help adding a stave of our own, the last line of which at least is strictly historical:—

They broke into his house, those wicked thieves;
They ate his beef and drank his wine and ale;
They broke into his barn and stole his sheaves,
And cut away his sumpter-horse's tail.

We must beg to explain to Mr. Poyer that, though Archbishops of Canterbury sign themselves by the Latin abbreviation "Cantuar." for "Cantuariensis," yet there is no form of any language in which the city itself is called "Cantuar":—

And now to Cantuar bound the trust to take.

In the following stanza the originality and vigour of the rhyme fully make up for the weakness of some of those in the lighter poems:—

But he now, changing quick his thought and tone,
(For did the Lion mingle with the Lamb)
Invective pour'd as king on loftiest throne,
And fœmen of the Church did boldly damn.

Next comes "Richard Cœur de Lion," a hero of course and an English hero, but even Mr. Stubbs, his comparative apologist, would hardly have ventured to introduce him as a model lover and husband. However, let us hear how Richard and Berengaria passed the time in Sicily:—

By Faro's Strait their souls together flow,
And blended form a life of richer tone,
With melting heats their quicken'd pulses glow,
Thus sweetly met in Love's electric zone.

With admiration fond he saw her grace
Commingling with each movement of her frame,
He saw high Beauty thrond in her face,
Yet could he not pronounce her lofty name.

So there the Lion King Berengaria found
By Faro's water, flowing deep and strong,
There fondly woo'd her to his mystic sound,
As Autumn first, then Winter, swept along.

Beneath Sicilia's azure dome they walk'd,
While queenly Autumn in the woods did reign;
In Passion's boundless speech entranced they talk'd,
And sounding Faro paused to catch the strain.

A strong measure this last on the part of the "Faro," which by the way Mr. Poyer seems to take for the strait itself. It is a pity that we have not *Anti-Colenso* at hand, or we might know whether Mr. Poyer has any theory of the same kind to account for similar "pauses" on the part of the Red Sea and the Jordan. Anyhow this pausing on the part of the Strait reminds one of the celebrated moment

When first Madeira trembled to a kiss.

The oddest thing is why Richard could not "pronounce her lofty name." Is the name Berengaria so very hard to utter? To be sure it is rather long. Mr. Poyer, in the next line, clearly found its five syllables too much for him, but if Mr. Poyer cannot pronounce a name, it does not follow that King Richard, who was a poet in two or three languages, could not do so.

Next we have Lady Godiva, a personage of whom legend has more to say than history. History knows her as the pious wife of the pious Earl Leofric, in the days of Edward the Confessor, and as surviving nearly all her kinsfolk and descendants and dying in peace under the rule of William the Norman. How she figures in legend every child hears in the nursery, and a more famous poet than Mr. Poyer has also told us. Mr. Poyer oddly describes the days of Edward the Confessor as days

When feudal bonds the State did hold as one,
When England's sky with deeper blue did flow,
And through the land did run a sweeter tone.

We don't know what the "sweeter tone" may mean, and we shall not lightly believe that the sky was bluer in the eleventh century than it is in the nineteenth. Moreover, we should hardly have looked to that age as the age of feudalism, and we should hardly have described feudalism (if there ever was such a thing) as a system which specially "held the State as one." But we may pass from such minute criticism to the awful picture which Mr. Poyer draws of Earl Leofric. We confess that we see no ground in history for so dark a view of him, and we feel a certain instinctive reverence for a man who was certainly wife's grandfather to King Harold, and who, according to more prying genealogists, was a direct ancestor of Lord Palmerston. Still here he is as Mr. Poyer draws him. Everything, it seems, was then exactly as it should have been, in all places except in the Earldom of Mercia:—

At such a time, in one dark spot alone,
A brutal man and mean, miscall'd an earl,
Did cause the cumber'd widow's heart to groan,
Her madden'd brain with giddiness to whirl;

For as tradition says, this mighty lord
A grievous tax imposed where none should fall,
And so unsheath'd a grim barbaric sword,
Which justice scorn'd in proud contempt of all.

In Mercia woodland tract this low-brow'd churl,
Of stalwart limb, but mean and narrow soul,
Through some mad freak of nature found an earl,
His sordid chests to fill did fix the toll.

The description of the Lady herself riding through Coventry is, we have no doubt, very fine, but we really cannot understand it:—

So came this peerless lady forth at noon,
Transfigured with the shining of her love;
And as in summer night doth ride the moon,
With sweet and calm effulgence deck'd above,

So rode Godiva in the Heavens this day,
The deep blue azure of her radiant soul,
While Chastity in every house her way
Did ope as forth she ambled to the goal.

Pure chastity, I say, each house did grace,
As rode this glorious woman on her way,
While holy Love's Evangel lit her face,
And lent all needful veil before high day.

Lastly, beginning as we did at the end, come the Prolegomena, which, though written in prose, are as dark as the darkest passages in the poems. We learn that "the nineteenth century, in whose latter half the Historic Movement is now pulsating [sic] with portentous auguries, has been appropriately designated the 'Iron Age.'" We have not the faintest notion what is meant by the "Historic Movement," and, if possible, still less notion what is meant by a movement "pulsating with portentous auguries." Then we have a good deal about "Vulcan the force-God," and we are told that the object of the essay is to "take cognizance of this popular deity in its relations with literature, and with poetry in particular." Of this force-God it seems that Mr. Browning is the High Priest:—

We conceive that, co-existent with this intensely realistic and frigid innovation, we have presented to us a hard, dry, inflexible, highly materialized prosaic poetry. As we write this sentence there lies open on our library table a volume entitled *Dramatis Personæ*, by Robert Browning. Well, we will adopt this book as the text of our argument, and we say fearlessly, and without any doubt whatever, that, with here and there an exception, it is a book of mere hard, dry, broken iron sentences, with scarcely a poetic element in the entire fabric from end to end.

Presently, on the road to the assertion, in the highest form of the high-polite style, that Wordsworth "inaugurated a new epoch," we come across a comparison between Mr. Browning and Kant:—

We do not hesitate to say that Kant's Critique of the Pure Reason is light and beauty itself as compared with the dark and dismal sentences of the *Dramatis Personæ*. In Kant, if you have a somewhat cumbersome terminology, you certainly have consecutive thought delivered in a logical and unbroken series, so that in virtue of the analogies of mind, you can have no difficulty in apprehending his meaning throughout his argument; but we defy any one, be his intellectual force what it may, to interpret Mr. Browning upon any known principles of logical thought or grammatical structure. At any rate, if there are persons in the round world who really find themselves equal to this high achievement, we conceive they must be gods, certainly not men.

After a great deal more which we do not understand, the following passage is perhaps the most wonderful of all:—

But if Poetry exists to the one end, that it may witness to the fact and presence of the Spiritual World encompassing us about, and that it may, in some good degree, interpret to man the nature and character of its transcendent life; the distinctive feature of which is, that it is free and joyous, with the very breath of God—that it is permeated with the light and beauty of the Holy Trinity; then it must be conceded that Poetry must necessarily be endowed with a form of language which shall be adequate, to some extent, to represent the high ethereal character of this spiritual and eternal life: but this language certainly cannot be, as Wordsworth contends, the common speech of every-day life.

Mr. Poyer's object, in writing poetry, is "to give utterance to ideal truth, and to do it musically." We do not know what "ideal truth" is, but we deny that the line about Queen Berengaria is musical, and we think that many of Mr. Poyer's historic notions, if "ideal truth," are at least the reverse of practical truth. But Mr. Poyer, both in his theory and his practice, is so utterly above us that we will leave him to criticize himself:—

Deeply conscious are we that the strain is poor and feeble when considered in relation to that high and glorious harmony which floweth down from the seraphic choirs. Yea, it is a weak and broken utterance, yet hath it sought in some humble measure to echo the delicious music evermore proceeding from the crystal sea before the eternal throne. To Christ and his saints, both in the Church and in the great broad human World, we desire to present the work as a song of hope, and joy, and love, that looketh to the morning soon about to break upon the Race.

We only ask what "Race," and what is the morning that is soon about to break upon it?

SIR FELIX FOY, BART.

AN elderly Evangelical banker is a singular personage to be selected as the hero of a novel, especially if his respectability is to be maintained throughout. Much may always be expected from a character full of violent contrasts—a mixture, for instance, of apparent sanctity with actual depravity, of outward fairness with inward corruption. Instances have not been uncommon in real life of men of business who made the most sanctimonious pretences, and combined with them the most fraudulent practices; of religious professors who ranked with saints and confessors, but whose hearts were tenanted by the uncleanness of spirits. Such a man was that eminent member of an Evangelical sect residing in a singularly strict suburb, who maintained a spotless character for austere excellence, as long as he lived, but who, dying, left behind him, instead of footprints in the sands of time, a choice collection of specimens of the most infamous literature, carefully treasured up for private reading, and cunningly embedded in volumes of the most orthodox theology. The dissection of such a fraudulent or depraved commercial religionist might well be expected to lead to some interesting revelations, but a commonplace man of business, free from secret vices, is not a tempting subject for a literary anatomist. Of such a nature, however, is the elderly gentleman of whom Mr. Cook has made an elaborate study in his present book. It is the most ambitious work that he has yet produced, and he deserves full credit for the skill with which he has overcome the

obstacles which he has set in his own way. It is no easy task to enlist the reader's sympathies in behalf of a man who is fifty-five years of age, stiff and old-fashioned in dress and appearance, selfish and ungenerous in disposition, devoted to business, and of strictly Evangelical opinions—a cold, self-loving man of the world, whose pulses are seldom stirred by a generous impulse, whose enjoyments are rarely interfered with by alien sorrows, but who nevertheless performs a certain number of good works, and is, except upon very strong provocation, unlikely to commit a conscious breach of the laws of his country or the precepts of his religion. Mr. Cook's hero is a man who constantly does harm, but without recognising it; who keeps the letter of the law which he understands, but perpetually sins against the spirit which is unintelligible to him; who is utterly devoid of charity, but contributes largely and with satisfaction to charities; who tramples on his inferiors, imagining that he is teaching them a useful and necessary lesson, and who wrings a heart with as little compunction as if it were a wet towel.

In the first part of his book Mr. Cook makes Sir Felix act as such a man as this would be likely to act. We see him as he appears in his place of business, where he is thoroughly detested, and in his relations with the members of his family, whose interests he makes no scruple of sacrificing if they interfere with his own. His brother, the Reverend Edwin Foy, is an absolute contrast to this disagreeable personage. He is as kind and cheery and vacillating as Sir Felix is harsh and cynical and determined, and, as a natural consequence, he is as unsuccessful as his brother is the opposite. Buried in an out-of-the-way country parish, he leads a quiet, secluded life, with few enjoyments, but contented with what he has, always cheerful and loveable and good. But at last it occurs to him to fall in love with Alice Pratt, the daughter of one of his parishioners, and he timidly confides his secret to his brother. Sir Felix promptly takes him to task for his absurdity, will not listen to his faint excuses, and, without wasting a thought upon the dreariness of his brother's lonely life in the solitary parsonage, makes him promise to give up the plans he has formed, and allow the brilliant day-dreams in which he has indulged to fade away. The scenes between the brothers in which the projected marriage is discussed are excellently described; and, indeed, the kindly clergyman, with his little foibles and his large heart, is always well managed, and there is something very touching about the whole story of his love, from the time when he first mentions it to his brother, to the day when he discovers that Alice, to whom he had never breathed a word about it, is engaged to another and a younger lover. Sir Felix is quite unconscious that his conduct towards his brother is in any way objectionable, and a similar want of perception attends his behaviour towards a young cousin, Lambert Foy, who is unfortunate enough to occupy the disagreeable position of a poor relation. Up to the middle of the second volume Sir Felix maintains his hardness of heart, but from that point it begins to soften. The baronet discovers that a charming widow, Mrs. Lambert, would be an excellent match for him, and after a time he proposes to her, but is rejected, greatly to his astonishment and wrath. Then he surprises his friends by making a marriage of a most unexpected nature, choosing as his wife a very young girl of humble birth, and of no means whatsoever.

The character of Lydia Finch is carefully and cleverly described, and deserves considerable praise. Her chief merit is her likeness to Becky Sharp, whom she resembles in many respects, and with whom it is impossible to avoid comparing her to her disadvantage. Not that Mr. Cook appears to have copied the portrait of that delightfully wicked heroine, but he has selected his model from the species to which Becky belonged. Lydia is a clever, intriguing woman, with more head than heart, but yet not really heartless, as Becky was. She says of herself with justice—"I think I am capable of loving as deeply, fondly, truly as any woman ever loved." She could have made any sacrifice for the man who could really have touched her heart; but, that man never having appeared, she has remained cold and calculating. Thoroughly discontented with her low position on the social ladder, she determines to scale its heights, and she succeeds. She soon wins the heart of Lambert Foy, and she remains true to him until Sir Felix proposes to make her his wife. Then she throws over her former lover—not, however, without present compunction and subsequent remorse—and marries the baronet. The weakest part of her story is the description of the way in which she makes love—for it is no less—to Lambert. Surely her manoeuvres need not have been quite so rapid, especially as they occur at an early period of the narrative. But the scenes in which she tells her grandmother of the baronet's proposal of marriage, and breaks the news of it to Lambert, are very good indeed, and so are those in which Sir Felix and Lydia figure as man and wife. The change is excellently described which is likely to take place in a man who, after having kept his heart ice-bound for many years, allows it at last to melt before the sunny influence of affection, but finds, after a time, that it comes too late; who for a little while is all hope and happiness, but who soon discovers that the opportunities he once neglected can never return, and that the spring-tide of life cannot be renewed in its decline. Lady Foy's disappointment also, after she has gained the position which she used to think so enviable, is skilfully expressed, and the finale suggests to the reader a useful moral without obtruding it too zealously.

Mr. Cook writes easily and pleasantly, his humour is free

* *Sir Felix Foy, Bart.* A Novel. By Dutton Cook, Author of "Leo," "Trials of the Tredgolds," "Paul Foster's Daughter," &c. Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

from the depressing influence of forced facetiousness, and he can be serious without putting on an air of constrained solemnity. He has not aimed in his present work at producing any very startling effects, nor does he attempt to harrow his readers' feelings. The tale is not very exciting, and there is nothing in it which is likely to murder sleep, but it is far from being dull. It is one of those books which may be read with leisurely enjoyment, instead of being hurried through with feverish impatience, and in which the interest does not entirely depend upon the reader's ignorance of the final chapter. Nothing is attempted in the story with which its author is not competent to deal, and the characters introduced into it are not rendered impossible by a desire to give them an undue share of originality. They are such people as we might meet in the circle of our acquaintance, and they behave very much as actual men and women do in real life. Mr. Cook has kept aloof from the artist world which has at various times supplied him with pleasant scenes, and the society in which Sir Felix Foy moves has not the picturesque air which hung around that which was frequented by Paul Foster's daughter or Miss Aurelia Vane. There is not a single Bohemian in the book, nor is a painter to be found in it; the stage is not so much as mentioned, and literature would be utterly unrepresented were it not for the hasty transit of a solitary reviewer. It is difficult to make a bank parlour as attractive as a studio, or a drawing-room as romantic as a theatre, but Mr. Cook has at least succeeded in giving the appearance of reality to what he has undertaken to depict. His ladies and gentlemen are what they profess to be, and their talk is as free from stiffness or insipidity as is the chatter of his less aristocratic personages from coarseness or offensive vulgarity.

Several of the minor characters of the story are very well managed. Young Lambert Foy is somewhat weak, and as uninteresting as most lads of his age are in real life, but Lady Casey, the baronet's aunt, is full of life and reality. She is an amusing old lady, and peculiar without being extravagant. A good companion-portrait is that of Mrs. Seeley, Lydia's grandmother, a quiet old woman who has suffered a good deal in the battle of life, but yet has spirit enough left to make a good fight when a principle is at stake. Mary Lambert, a youthful widow who reverts the memory of an unworthy husband until accident reveals his true character to her, is somewhat of a shadowy being, and the change which takes place in her ideas after she has read some old letters belonging to her lamented spouse bears an unfortunate likeness to that which is produced in Amelia Osborne by the perusal of "the Letter before Waterloo"; but there is much that is graceful and delicate in her portrait, and there usually is in Mr. Cook's pictures of women. The descriptive part of the book is excellent, and the quiet humour which pervades it gives it a very pleasant flavour. Its tone, moreover, is thoroughly good. There are books of which we fully recognise the talent, but which leave behind them a disagreeable impression, and a prejudice against their author. There are others, on the contrary, which bear about them the stamp of good feeling and sincerity, and which leave the reader in a pleasant frame of mind; and it is to the latter class that *Sir Felix Foy* belongs.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, Hanover Square Rooms.—Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett. SIXTH CONCERT, Monday, June 12. The Programme will comprise Wagner's Overture to "Rienzi," Molique's Flute Concerto (MR.), Beethoven's Piano-forte Concerto in E flat, Mozart's Symphony in D, and Beethoven's Overture to "King Stephen." Pianiste, Madame Arabella Goddard; Solo Flautist, Mr. Brenden; Vocalist, Madlle. Tietjens. Tickets at Messrs. Addison & Lucas's, 210 Regent Street.

MR. SIMS REEVES'S BENEFIT at the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall, on Monday Evening, June 13, when he will sing "Adelaide," accompanied by Madame Arabella Goddard. "Deeper and deeper still," "If with all your hearts," and "The Message" (Bismarck).—Tickets and Programmes at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

MUSICAL UNION.—Madame SCHUMANN, on Tuesday next, June 13, will play the Grand Duo in D (Mendelssohn), with Signor Platti; also Solo by various Composers. LAUTERBACH will play in Quintet, G major (Schubert); and Beethoven's Sixth Quartet in B flat.—Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had at the usual places. Members can pay for Visitors at St. James's Hall.

J. ELLA, Director, 18 Hanover Square.

MR. W. G. CUSINS'S ANNUAL GRAND ORCHESTRAL MORNING CONCERT, under the immediate Patronage of H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, and H.R.H. the PRINCESS OF WALES.

On Friday, June 16, at Hanover Square Rooms. Artists—Messames Louise Pyne, Parepa, Mesdames S. Pyne, and Josephine Dr. Gunz, Signor Agnesi, Mr. Benwick, and Signor Della Bello; the Orpheus Glee Union, Herr Joachim, Madame Schumann, Mr. Benedict, and Mr. W. G. Cusins. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 7s.—may be had at the principal Music Warehouses; at the Rooms; and of Mr. Cusins, 30 Nottingham Place, York Gate, Regent's Park.

MR. JOHN POYER'S BALLADS.—(Vide "St. Thomas A'Becket, and other Poems." London: Moxon. 1855.)

Mr. POYER will READ his BALLADS at ST. JAMES'S (Minor) HALL, 60 Regent Street, on the 10th and 17th of June, as follows:

Saturday, June 10.
THE LADY GODIVA.
ST. THOMAS A'BECKET.
BAMBURY CROSS.

Saturday, June 17.
EDITHA: a Legend of Tarifa.
RICHARD CEUR DE LION.
MABEL: a Legend of Old St. Paul's.

Tickets for the Course may be had of A. Hammond & Co. (late Jullien's), 214 Regent Street, and of Mr. John Mitchell, Old Bond Street. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 5s. The Doors will be open at a Quarter to Eight, and the Reading will commence punctually at Eight o'clock.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120 Pall Mall.—The TWELFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, the Contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, to which has been added ROSA BONHEUR'S NEW PICTURE of "A Family of Descending the Summit of the Long Rocks" (Forest of Fontainebleau), is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

THE TURNER PICTURES in the National Gallery, Photographed by Thurston Thompson, mounted on fine Cardboard. Size of Photo, 14in. by 10in. Also coloured in Water Colours. Coloured Copies from the Works of Meissonnier, Meissonnier, Clarkson Stanfield, Wm. Hunt, H. Le Jeune, &c. &c. Photographs of Thorvaldsen's Bas-reliefs. The above on view at 22 Soho Square.—A. MARION, SON, & CO., 22 and 23 Soho Square, London. Catalogues free on receipt of Postage Stamp.

PRIVATE PICTURE GALLERY, 4 Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square.—The Proprietor having lent this Gallery, without charge, to Artists to EXHIBIT their PICTURES, the Patrons of the Art are respectfully informed that the Gallery is now complete, and are earnestly invited to inspect it, admission being granted on presentation of Address Card.

HYDE-PARK in 1864, by HENRY BARRAUD, Esq., containing 220 Portraits of the Frequenters of Rotten Row, NOW ON VIEW, at 120 Regent Street (opposite Hanover Street). Open from Ten till Six.—Admission, 1s.

HORSE SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL, London.—PRIZE LISTS and CONDITIONS may be obtained on application to the SECRETARY, Barford Street, Islington, N.

HORSE SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL—ENTRIES CLOSE June 24.

ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION, and EXHIBITION of BUILDING INVENTIONS, PATENTS, &c., 9 Conduit Street, Regent Street, now Open Daily.—Admission, 1s.; Season Tickets, 5s. 6d., admitting to this and the Exhibition of the Photographic Society of London, and to the Lecture and Conversations. Lecture for Tuesday, June 13, at Eight o'clock P.M.: "On Art Follage," by Dr. Cass. DAWSON. JAMES FERGUSON, F.R.S. JAMES EDMESTON, F.R.I.B.A., Hon. Secs.

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